HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.
VOL. XXIX.—No. 1510. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1885. TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.
Copyright, 1885, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

THE ANNUAL SACRIFICE THAT CHEERS MANY HEARTS.

"It is full of capital pictures and lively reading, and ought to prove a joy forever to the little folks for whom it is intended."—*New York Sun.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The issue of November 24 is a "Thanksgiving" number. It opens with an engraving after a drawing by W. L. SHEPPARD, *entitled "A Bit of Thanksgiving."*

The principal illustration is engraved after the picture by T. W. WOOD, N.A., *called*

"FOR THANKSGIVING DINNER."

A story by JULIA K. HILDRETH, "*Friends at Last,*" *is illustrated by* C. D. WELDON. *Other illustrations are by* J. C. BEARD, H. F. FARNY, JESSIE SHEPHERD, *and* ROSINA EMMETT.

LIEUTENANT FREDERICK SCHWATKA, *the Arctic Explorer, tells of "Two Thanksgivings in the Arctic."*

Other contributors of prose and verse are WILLIAM O. STODDARD, JOHN R. CORYELL, MARY D. BRINE, MARGARET E. SANGSTER (*a Christmas Carol, with music by* HARRISON MILLARD), *etc.*

On December 1 *will be published the*

CHRISTMAS NUMBER,

with a Supplement and a handsome cover printed in colors. The stories, articles, and poems will be by H. C. BUNNER, HOWARD PYLE, WILLIAM O. STODDARD, MARGARET E. SANGSTER, MRS. W. J. HAYS, *and* JOHN R. CORYELL; *the illustrations by* FREDERIC DIELMAN, HOWARD PYLE, JESSIE SHEPHERD, *and* C. D. WELDON.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage stamps.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1885.

☞ *An* ILLUSTRATED EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PARTIES.

IN a letter to a Republican club in Boston Mr. WHITTIER says:

"President CLEVELAND has proved himself better than his party, and has done and said some good things which I give him full credit for, but the instincts of his party are against him, and must eventually prove too strong for him. Instead of his carrying his party, it will be likely to carry him."

A very great body of Republicans pay the same tribute to the sincerity and fidelity of the President. Some of them, like Mr. WHITTIER, complain of his acts which seem to them to be inconsistent, and, like Mr. WHITTIER also, they have a distrust of the President's party as a possible agency of real reform. It was this feeling which led them to oppose his election. They held that the Republican party was more trustworthy than the Democratic. This view did not seem to be disturbed by the fact that the party had not proved its superior trustworthiness by its nomination, and many of them—of whom, however, Mr. WHITTIER was not one—were in the extraordinary position of refusing to vote for the Presidential candidate of a party which they declared it to be the duty of all patriotic men to support. In fact, such Republicans did not support the party any more than those who voted for Mr. CLEVELAND. They refused support because they thought the nomination to be unworthy of the party, and therefore they connived at party defeat. They were willing that it should be defeated, and acted accordingly—a procedure which, from the strict partisan view, is as "treacherous" as to vote for the other candidate. Mr. WHITTIER says further that he wishes the Democratic party would take up the great work of its opponent and complete it, although he evidently does not expect such a course to be taken. Any Republican, however, who sincerely desires such a result, will certainly give his encouragement and support to a Democratic President who is endeavoring to guide his party into that very course.

Neither Mr. WHITTIER nor any other honorable Republican denies the honest purpose of the President in regard to reform. His aim undoubtedly is to bring his party to his own view. That is the very course which Mr. WHITTIER says that he desires to see. A great multitude of American citizens also desire that the reforms upon which the President is bent shall be carried out, and it is their duty to show him that such is their desire, in order that he may feel that even if his party, as such, fails to sustain him, there is nevertheless a great party which still believes with him. But no Republican does this who joins in Republican insults to the President as a hypocrite. Such Republicans, whatever their professions in regard to reform, are no more reformers in any just sense than the author and reporter of the last New York Republican platform. They do not share Mr. WHITTIER's desire to see the good work accomplished, but only to see their party gain whatever is to be gained by professing a desire to accomplish it. It is because this spirit controls the Republican party that, despite the truth that there are more Republican than Democratic reformers, the party is not a reform party, and its claim to be such is belied by the facts. The President is denounced as treacherous to reform because of appointments like HIGGINS and TROUP and HEDDEN and BEATTIE. But if inconsistencies of conduct are to be cited as proofs of treachery, if the man who does much is false because he does not do all, what is to become of every Republican President who ever professed regard for reform? If a President who, according to these critics, has his party against him is inconsistent, what shall be said of the inconsistencies of a President of the party which the same critics allege to be the party of reform? In commending the course of the President we do not say that it is strictly conformed to the principles of reform, but that it is much more consonant with those principles than that of any preceding Administration. We have always insisted that it is very doubtful whether the action of any Administration which is not brought into power distinctly upon the reform issue will be entirely consistent.

The hostile critics of the President upon this subject can not point to any single proof or collection of proofs of the fidelity to reform of President GRANT, or HAYES, or GARFIELD, or ARTHUR, which can not be paralleled and surpassed in the record of President CLEVELAND. They can not point to any reform act upon the part of those Presidents comparable in courage and fidelity to the re-appointment of Mr. PEARSON and of Mr. BURT, to the appointment of Mr. GRAVES and of Mr. SALTONSTALL, to the retention of a vast multitude of Republicans in office, to the publication of the letter to Mr. EATON on the morning of the meeting of the Democratic Convention in New York, and to the President's earnest desire to secure the assistance of Mr. CODMAN upon the Civil Service Commission. Do these critics see no evidence of an honest and firm purpose in the very insurrection of his party sentiment against him, which they themselves declare to be so general and powerful that it will be resistless? Do they see no proof of his patriotism and courage in reform in the expression of personal confidence in him which is so general even among Republicans who voted against him? Let us clear our minds of cant. No man who comprehends civil service reform, who understands the circumstances which surround the President, and who has watched his course upon the subject during the nine months of his administration, will doubt either his conviction or his constancy, or the fact that he has done very much more to promote it than any President before him. Should his own party refuse to sustain him, while the Republican party denounces him, who could reproach him for abandoning reform, as President GRANT abandoned it when the Republicans refused support and the Democrats sneered? The Republican who prefers such a promise of reform as that of the late Republican Convention in New York to the sturdy fidelity in action of the President—conceding all inconsistencies—may be a good Republican partisan, but he is not a friend of reform. A party of such partisans would no more establish and enforce civil service reform than a party of Castle Garden Union savers of 1850 would have overthrown the slave power.

THE ADIRONDACK QUESTION.

THE success of the movement for the preservation of Niagara was an illustration of the existence of a public spirit in New York which ought to be strong enough to follow up the good work of the Niagara reservation by saving the springs of the Hudson River. The Adirondack question is one of the most important topics which will come before the Legislature. It is not one of "sentiment," in the ordinary sense, but it is of the utmost practical value. There is no doubt that the supply of water in a great part of the river system of the State depends upon the sources in the Adirondack wilderness. There is equally no doubt that hundreds of the smaller streams which once flowed freely in the driest summers have been dried up. The exhaustion keeps pace with the destruction of the forests, and the protection of the forests, therefore, is now one of the chief public interests of the State. The subject has been elaborately considered in official reports and in legislative debates, and the appointment of a commission was authorized by the last Legislature. But a wise settlement of the question requires general familiarity with the facts, and a decided expression of intelligent opinion to the Legislature.

The Adirondack wilderness is a tract of some 8000 square miles of mountainous or hilly country, rising sometimes to a height of more than 5000 feet above the sea. It was formerly covered with forests, and filled with ponds, lakes, and springs, and the soil was a kind of huge sponge always saturated with water. So long as the forests stand, the water will flow, but the timber cutting and burning of forest tracts has made so vast an area of desolation that the evil results are already apparent. Those who have wrought the mischief are not especially blameworthy, for, like other people, they have been busily intent upon present profit, and if their methods are wasteful and destructive, they are only like those of farmers at the West in the last generation, who thought merely of the immediate result. After the timber is gone it is nobody's interest to care for the useless land, and where attempts at cultivation have been made they have ended only in rendering the land incapable of producing its only possible crop—the trees. The process of devastation must be somehow arrested if we would not see the great water supply exhausted, and it is a great mistake to suppose that there is a vast region of forest yet remaining which is inaccessible to destruction. The arrangements for transportation are already such as to prove that no part of the wilderness will long remain untouched.

There are protective laws, but their enforcement is almost impracticable. No inquiry can ever determine the origin of the fires. They are always accidental, so far as testimony can show, and the State has so long neglected its duty to its own property that nobody is likely voluntarily to assume to discharge that duty. It is the conclusion of the shrewdest observers, as it is of good sense, that if the forests are ever to be preserved, the work must be largely accomplished by the people of the region. If they are not only indifferent to the preservation, but hostile to it, the task would be hopeless. Moreover, it would be useless to provide for any considerable enlargement of the forest property of the State or for extension of State supervision until some efficient system of supervision has been applied to the care of lands which are already owned by the State. The general outline of such a system was presented in the report of the commission to the last Legislature. The boundaries of the State lands should be clearly defined, that trespassers may not plead ignorance, and wanton violations of the State property rights should be vigorously prosecuted. The general system of supervision should be made comprehensive, coherent, and effective, and particular care should be exercised with regard to fires. The reversion of lands to the State by non-payment of taxes, and the acquisition of lands practically surrounded by State property, should be provided for, and Mr. J. B. HARRISON, whose thoughtful papers upon the subject, based upon personal observation, are among the most valuable contributions to the discussion, is of opinion that the most efficient agency would be the residence in the region and the constant contact with the inhabitants of some man or men thoroughly acquainted with the subject and heartily interested in it, who would instruct and stimulate the people in preserving the region in which they live. The question is most interesting and most important, and the Legislature will neglect a great duty if it expires without some serious effort at its solution.

RIEL.

THE execution of RIEL in Canada is an important event, because he seems to be accepted by the French Canadians as their representative. He was a half-breed Indian, who led an insurrection of those who, by common consent, seemed to have had wrongs for which redress was practically denied. The general principles which govern such situations would seem to have been applicable in this instance. There was a conviction of remediless wrong strong enough to produce an armed insurrection. All who took part in it risked their lives in battle to maintain their view. One hundred and seventy years ago the Earl of Derwentwater and his associates did the same in Scotland. They were defeated, arrested, tried, and executed. They were unquestionably guilty of high treason. They took the risk, knowing the penalty, and they lost both their cause and their heads. But their execution was a question of expediency. It is certainly doubtful whether it was sound policy then. It is not in the least doubtful that it would not be sound policy now.

It is true that one such movement is not precisely like another. But the general principle is the same, so far as the capital punishment of political offenders is concerned. The recent letter of Mr. DEPEW's in regard to ANDREW JOHNSON's desire to bring JEFFERSON DAVIS and other Confederate leaders and soldiers to the scaffold shows that the old feeling still lingers. The crime of treason is plainly defined in the Constitution, and of the acts of DAVIS and the Confederates there was no doubt. Still it would not have been wise to hang any one—and why? Because there was an honest difference of political opinion, and a brave risk of life to maintain it; and if men are to be hung for treason of that kind, they will be hung for constructive treason, and we shall have either anarchy or despotism. The man who goes into open battle for his opinion is not a criminal like the burglar or the assassin who shoots the master of the house when he awakens.

Although, therefore, those who violate the law incur the penalty of treason, yet modern opinion is strongly opposed to the exaction of the penalty of death. It is, however, conceivable that the situation of a country may seem to be such that the infliction of the penalty may seem to be expedient. If, for instance, in Canada, the decided English feeling toward RIEL was that of ANDREW JOHNSON toward JEFFERSON DAVIS, and refusal to inflict the lawful punishment might have led to a dangerous alienation of English sympathy from the existing government, so that an alternative was presented of the hostility either of the English or the French population, it is obvious that the authorities might have concluded that the public welfare demanded the execution. Generally, however, such a decision is discredited by the final event.

The policy which follows summary suppression of an insurrection by investigation and redress of wrongs and clemency to leaders is not a policy suspected of cowardice or feebleness. It is the policy of assured strength, at once wise and humane.

THE SULTAN AND THE CZAR.

A WAR between Servia and Bulgaria would not be of general importance, but a war between Austria and Russia would be of the utmost gravity. That is the reason that the hostilities between the two Danubian provinces command universal attention, and that a Conference of the great powers is now sitting at Constantinople. The real situation on the Balkan peninsula is really Europe against Russia. The chief political question in Europe is the advance of Russia toward the Mediterranean and the expulsion of the Sultan from the Bosporus by the Czar. The apparently unnatural alliance of sympathy between Turkey and England is due to English opposition to Russian extension toward the south, while Austria, relinquishing the hope of supremacy in central Europe, turns toward the Ægean and the Mediterranean at Salonica.

This policy brings Russia and Austria into rivalry, and the general sympathy of Europe is with Austria. Indeed, the situation strongly revives the hopes of forty years ago, when a great Hungarian or Magyar empire seemed to be possible. The Hungarian influence is the most powerful in the Austrian imperial confederation. The race is enthusiastic and enduring, and a general contest in southeastern Europe would not necessarily result in the victory of Russia, although the extraordinary organization and remarkable leadership of the Russian forces give Russia a great advantage. Thus far everything is tentative, and the actual position is obscure. The general feeling seems to be that Servia's attack is premature. This is due to the conviction that the interest of the provinces as against the Turk is essentially the same, and that hostility between Servia and Bulgaria is naturally agreeable to the Porte. The Servian attack also stimulates an appeal from some quarter to Russia, and it has been made already by Roumania, which lies to the north of Bulgaria, across the Danube. This appeal furnishes a pretext for Russian intervention.

The situation is deeply complicated by the religious question. The religious enemy of the Danubian states is the Sultan, and the Czar is their religious friend. It is but a very few years since the Turkish oppressions in Bulgaria aroused Europe, and Mr. GLADSTONE led the English opposition to the English alliance with the Turk. The religious feeling is the strongest in all such conflicts, and if, as the Danubian statesmen probably suppose, practical absorption either by the Sultan or the Czar is the ultimate fate of the country, they would incline to the home of their religious faith rather than to the seat of the fiercest enmity of their faith. Meanwhile there has been already severe fighting between the Servians and the Bulgarians, and the two countries are thoroughly stirred. The Conference still sits deliberating upon the *status quo*. But as the fire is already set, it is impossible to predict its course or its extent. The political and religious impulses involved are not the same, and for the present nothing more can be done than to await the emerging of the definite lines of the conflict.

CHARITY MADE EASY.

IN the Thanksgiving and Christmas season the generous heart naturally turns to the poor and forlorn, and among the methods of practical charity none is simpler and easier than the gift of books, magazines, illustrated papers, novels, and stories, for distribution in hospitals and other institutions supported either by the State or by private charity.

This form of generosity, indeed, works a kind of miracle. You squeeze the orange for yourself, and yet there remains as much juice for your neighbor. It is the happy solution of the problem that vexes the young person, how both to eat your cake and have it. The institutions contain inmates of all ages, nationalities, creeds, and intelligence, and no good book or magazine can come amiss.

The appeal is made by the ladies of the Committee of the State Charities Aid Association, No. 21 University Place, where contributions may be sent, and the ladies desire that the generous givers should understand that as the appeal is for charity, they will enjoy the privilege of paying the expressage upon packages which they send to the office. The committee willingly serves as the intermediary of generosity, but the giver he pays the freight.

FORWARD.

THE National Civil Service Commission has wisely decided not to regard the opening of the whole eligible list in the late weighers' examination as a precedent. That examination is to be considered as exceptional. Fortunately, although the whole list was opened, the selection was governed by section 1754 of the revised statutes, which gives a preference to soldiers disabled in the service. It was a happy coincidence that the candidate who stood highest in the examination was also a worthy and disabled soldier, and he was promptly appointed.

No one who is familiar with all the facts in regard to this examination has had the least doubt of the President's fidelity to the principles that he professes, nor is there any reason whatever to question the equal sincerity of the newly appointed members of the Commission. The attempt was made to associate the appointment of the Democratic members with an effort to overthrow the reformed system. It is enough to say that Mr. TRENHOLM is known to the active friends of reform as one of their trustiest allies in the Southern States, while Mr. EDGERTON is warmly commended by the leading reformers in Indiana. The comical theory that the President has called them to Washington to aid him in undermining the reformed system while pretending to enforce it is, of course, merely abuse of the plaintiff's attorney.

A striking indication of the progress of the reform cause is the publication of a pamphlet by GEORGE S. BERNARD, consisting of letters originally contributed to the *Index-Appeal* in Petersburg, Virginia. Mr. BERNARD discusses the whole question in a clear and popular manner, which can not fail to be of the highest use in correcting misapprehension and in showing the simple common-sense of the movement. The entire opposition to the reform consists in falsehood and ridicule, and the *Mikado* and *Pinafore* wisdom of the assertion that clerks and weighers and postmasters ought to be Democrats in order to aid the Administration in carrying out Democratic principles. The more sensible view is that political principles are to be commended to public approval and parties to be maintained by embodying the principles in legislation and by giving the country honest, economical, and efficient government.

THE PROPOSED FIFTH AVENUE RAILROAD.

THE attack upon Fifth Avenue in the effort to obtain a franchise for a railroad is one which, by threatening the sole remaining carriage drive to Central Park, concerns not only the citizens of New York, but the vast number of visitors from all parts of the country. The project will be pushed, doubtless, with determination, but it will be no less resolutely resisted. It is an attempt seriously to injure one of the finest and best known streets in the city, not because there is any public desire for such a road, or because the residents upon the street ask for it, but because insatiable speculators think that it may be made profitable for them.

The residents and property owners upon the avenue are already actively engaged in opposing the project. They are the natural leaders of an opposition in which every citizen of New York is interested who is not willing to see the finest parts of the city sacrificed to the greed of speculators. Access to Central Park is already secured by elevated roads immediately parallel to Fifth Avenue, and for the convenience of passengers upon that avenue the residents favor a line of stages. Many of the largest property holders are already subscribers to the Fifth Avenue Transportation Company (limited), which will supply every necessary additional convenience for travel upon the avenue, and there is no good reason of public advantage to be alleged for the construction of the railroad.

A strong petition of protest, signed by some of the most substantial citizens and largest tax-payers of New York, will be presented to the city authorities. The signers are men who have a very large stake in the prosperity of the city, and whose opinion upon any question of what is called improvement is entitled to most careful and respectful consideration. The question is not merely whether the speculators will agree to pay for a franchise, but whether the public necessity or convenience requires that such a franchise should be sold, and whether experience shows that, if it be sold, the buyers will be likely to pay. The projected railroad is a proposition seriously to injure—and to injure without reason—one of the most beautiful parts of the city. Its success would be a misfortune, and there ought to be public spirit enough in the community to defeat the conspiracy.

"CASTERBRIDGE."

MR. THOMAS HARDY, the author of *Far from the Madding Crowd*, is always sure of an audience, and justly holds a high place among living novelists. He begins with the new year in HARPER'S WEEKLY the publication of a new story, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, which is understood to be a faithful picture of an old English town which is to-day substantially unchanged from what it was at the date of the story, some forty years ago.

Mr. HARDY is a resident of Dorchester, the capital of Dorset, in England, an interesting and handsome town, dating from the Roman times, and still showing remains of the Roman walls. This town is shrewdly suspected by those who have seen the proofs of the new story to be the original from which Casterbridge is painted. Dorchester in old England is a bourne of constant pilgrimage from Dorchester in New England, and it has been lately stated that General GRANT's family, although originally Scotch, came to America from Dorchester.

The new story will be illustrated from sketches specially drawn upon the spot, and to the readers of Mr. HARDY's tales the announcement of another work is the promise of a very great pleasure.

AN UNWISE RULE.

THERE is a by-law of the Musical Protective Union in this city which makes a residence of six months in this country a necessary condition of membership, and all members are forbidden to play in public with musicians who are not members, under penalty of fine for two offenses and of expulsion for a third. This by-law of course tends to repel new musicians from coming to the city, and under its operation, if the first of living violinists, JOACHIM, should arrive in New York, the resident musicians who are members of the Union could not play with him.

Mr. THOMAS recently engaged an oboe-player of distinction to take part in the Popular Concerts. The Union has levied a fine of $10 upon every member who played with him. Mr. THOMAS offered to employ any competent substitute whom the Union should suggest. But the Union declined, and Mr. THOMAS very properly took out a temporary injunction to prevent the Union from enforcing its rule.

It is surprising that intelligent men should be willing to submit voluntarily to such a restraint of just and desirable individual freedom of action as that which is imposed by the rule in question. It is an attempt to create a monopoly, and the operation and result of such monopoly are well illustrated by this incident. It prevents the proper musical development of the city; it deprives the public of the benefit of the greatest special musical skill; and it is a blow at their own interest struck by the members of THOMAS's orchestra, who are also members of the Union. The success of the concerts depends upon the quality of the performance, which is weakened by the operation of the rule.

PERSONAL.

THE Rev. H. R. HAWEIS's misfortune in being robbed of $300 in a Boston hotel, the proceeds of his lectures in Canada, recalls a similar calamity that befell Professor TYNDALL, who, while at a New York hotel, was robbed of $400 in gold, the entire net proceeds of his scientific lectures in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, so that when he began to lecture in this city he had not gained a dollar.

—It now appears that the able letters from the Servian Minister which awakened so much interest on the part of the readers of English newspapers last month were really written by his wife, an American lady of much cultivation and force of character. Lady RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's recent successful exploits in the Parliamentary canvass of her husband are still fresh in the public memory. These are by no means the only illustrious cases in which the American woman has left her impress upon European politics.

—Considerable amusement has been created at the Astor Library by the published announcement that two hundred books were taken from that institution by a wealthy man, and found only after his death, and that "a well-known clergyman retained a book belonging to the same library twenty-three years." There is not the slightest truth in these statements. The only instance in which a reader has abused his privileges of late was that of the man who was sent to the penitentiary for three months for cutting a picture out of a book. Mr. ROBBINS LITTLE, the Superintendent, often has found occasion to express privately to his friends his gratification at the fact that the public do not abuse the confidence of the trustees of the library.

—Mr. HARRY FENN, the artist, who has been making a Southern trip with Mr. JOHN BURROUGHS, the author, has been seriously ill at Louisville, Kentucky, and has received the kindly ministrations of the nuns of that city.

—Mr. WILLIAM BRADFORD, after painting many scenes from life in the polar regions, is now describing that life from the platform of the lyceum, with the aid of stereopticon views obtained by himself, Lieutenant GREELY, and the GREELY relief expedition, and also with the aid of some sweet and plaintive old songs sung from behind a screen by Miss RUBY SINCLAIR, and gathered from old Danish books, and through the kindness of the Danish Consul in Greenland.

—A successful New York novelist said the other day: "Before my first novel was published I was troubled with apprehensions as to how the critics would treat it. Now that my fifth novel has appeared, I do not care in the least what they say." It is said that Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE makes it a point not to read reviews of his works, and Mr. WILLIAM BLACK has publicly declared that, in his judgment, he knows better how to write than his critics do.

—Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL announces that he has a constitutional objection to strong language, and Lord ROSEBERY, according to the *Spectator*, is a man of the world, and not in the least addicted to screaming, while Lord IDDESLEIGH declares that a person may not be able to make himself a poet, "and I am sure we would all join in praying that he may never try."

—Lord TENNYSON, in discussing the subject of "Vastness," asks:

> "What is it all, if we all of us end in
> being our own corpse-coffins at last,
> Swallowed in vastness, lost in silence,
> drowned in the depths of a meaningless Past?
> What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom,
> or a moment's anger of bees in their hive?"

The answer to this question has not yet been published.

—The author of the *Greville Memoirs* bound himself in early life, under the heaviest penalties, never to do anything he did not like, and in later life declared that he had had all the facilities for spending his time among the cultivated and wise, or among the dissipated, foolish, and ignorant, but confessed "with shame and sorrow" that by far the largest proportion of his time had been wasted on and with the latter.

—Mr. H. F. FARNY, of Cincinnati, whose name and work are well known to the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, has won a prize at the autumn exhibition of water-colors by the American Art Association, with a picture representing a subject from Indian life. The prizes, four in number, of $250 each, were awarded by the votes of visitors, and the other prize winners were Messrs. GEORGE H. SMILLIE, F. K. M. REHN, and W. HAMILTON GIBSON.

—After nineteen years of exile in Siberia the Russian novelist and revolutionist CHERNICHEVSKY was visited by a traveller, who tells a touching story of the dread still hanging over him. Madame CHERNICHEVSKY entered the room, and, with a hasty movement of solicitude, threw her arms around her husband as if to shield him from impending evil, tears the meanwhile choking her utterance. He gently unclasped her hands, stroked her forehead caressingly, and having uttered a few words of affectionate consolation, kissed her. "She is so afraid," said CHERNICHEVSKY, in explanation.

—The promulgation of the contents of private journals often disturbs the reputation of the famous, and now we are told that Mrs. SIDDONS was always a dull woman in conversation, and that she spoke very slowly, as if declaiming a set speech. One day in her deliberate manner she said to a gentleman at dinner, "I am very ignorant, but I thirst for information; pray what fish is that?"

—CHARLES DICKENS's daughter MAMIE relates that she was often in the room with her father when he was composing his books, and that he acted his characters in the process of creating them, literally living in his works while writing them, and turning his creations into breathing realities, with whom he wept and with whom he rejoiced.

—The present trustees of the Peabody Education Fund are ROBERT C. WINTHROP, HAMILTON FISH, WILLIAM AIKEN, WILLIAM M. EVARTS, A. H. H. STUART, Chief Justice MORRISON R. WAITE, Right Rev. H. B. WHIPPLE, HENRY R. JACKSON, THEODORE LYMAN, RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, THOMAS C. MANNING, ANTHONY J. DREXEL, SAMUEL A. GREEN, JAMES D. PORTER, J. PIERPONT MORGAN, and President CLEVELAND.

—The ladies at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, have recently been in hysterics over a visit from WILD HOG, the celebrated Cheyenne chief, who, they feared, was contemplating an attack upon the fort in case the trouble with the Cheyennes in Indian Territory was not adjusted. There are only forty-eight soldiers at the fort, pending the arrival of the Ninth Cavalry, and WILD HOG was the chief of the band of one hundred Indians who in 1879 massacred the guards and fifteen other soldiers, and were slaughtered in the buttes back of the fort. He is now at the head of another band in the neighborhood, who cherish a very active feeling of revenge. Whenever their squaws come near the fort they shriek loudly and tear their hair in token of their hostility.

THE LATE HORACE B. CLAFLIN.—Photographed by Fredericks.—[See Page 775.]

THE LATE SENATOR SHARON.

EX-SENATOR WILLIAM SHARON.

William Sharon, who died in San Francisco on November 13, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, was a native of Smithfield, Ohio. His father was a farmer of modest means. At the age of seventeen young Sharon invested a small sum in a flat-boat and its cargo, and started for New Orleans. The boat was wrecked on the voyage, and he returned to the farm. Four years later he became a student at Athens College, and at the age of twenty-three he entered the law office of Edwin M. Stanton, who afterward became Secretary of War.

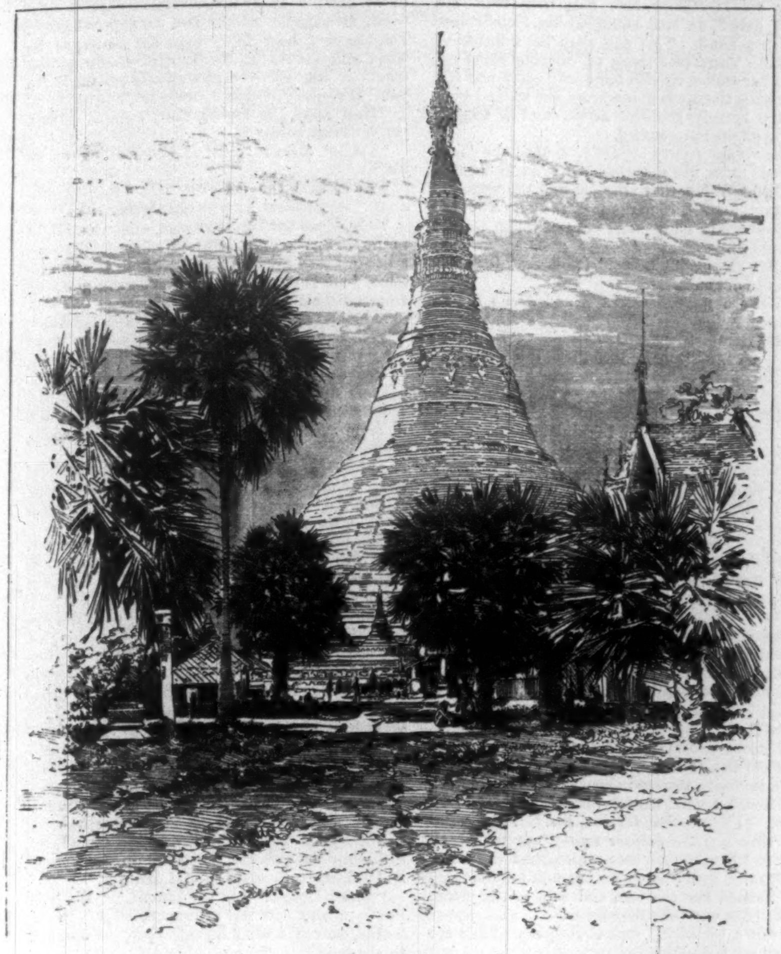
The excitement caused by the discovery of gold in California led young Sharon to join the pioneers of '49. After fifteen years of varying but at no time brilliant success the late William C. Ralston procured for him the position of agent of the Bank of California in Virginia City, Nevada. This was the turning-point in his life. Early information concerning rich deposits of ore in the great Comstock Lode enabled him to make investments that were wonderfully profitable. It is said that in six months he cleared $15,000,000. When the suicide of Ralston threatened to break down the great bank whose affairs he had directed, Mr. Sharon supported the institution with his entire fortune. In 1875 he built the Palace Hotel. After the death of Ralston he became the possessor of Belmont, a charming country-seat.

Mr. Sharon was elected a Senator of the United States from Nevada in 1875, and he served a full term of six years as a Republican. The cares of business allowed him to spend very little time in Washington. Mrs. Sharon died some years ago, leaving one son, Frederick, and one daughter, Florence, who became the wife of Sir Thomas Hesketh. In his last days Mr. Sharon's name was brought before the public by a remarkable suit for divorce, in which he was the defendant, and Miss Sarah Althea Hill the plaintiff. Throughout the litigation and upon his death-bed he declared in the most solemn manner that she had never been his wife, and that he was the victim of persecution. He left his immense fortune to his two children.

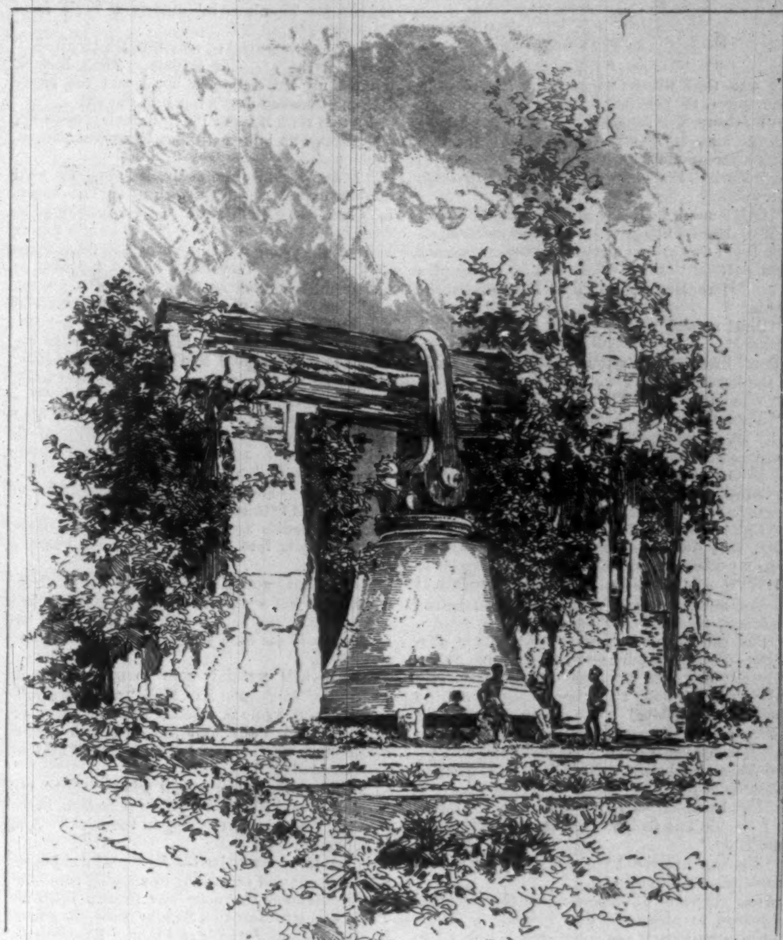
THE REV. FRANCIS PIGOU, D.D.

THE REV. R. B. RANSFORD, D.D.—Photographed by Sarony.

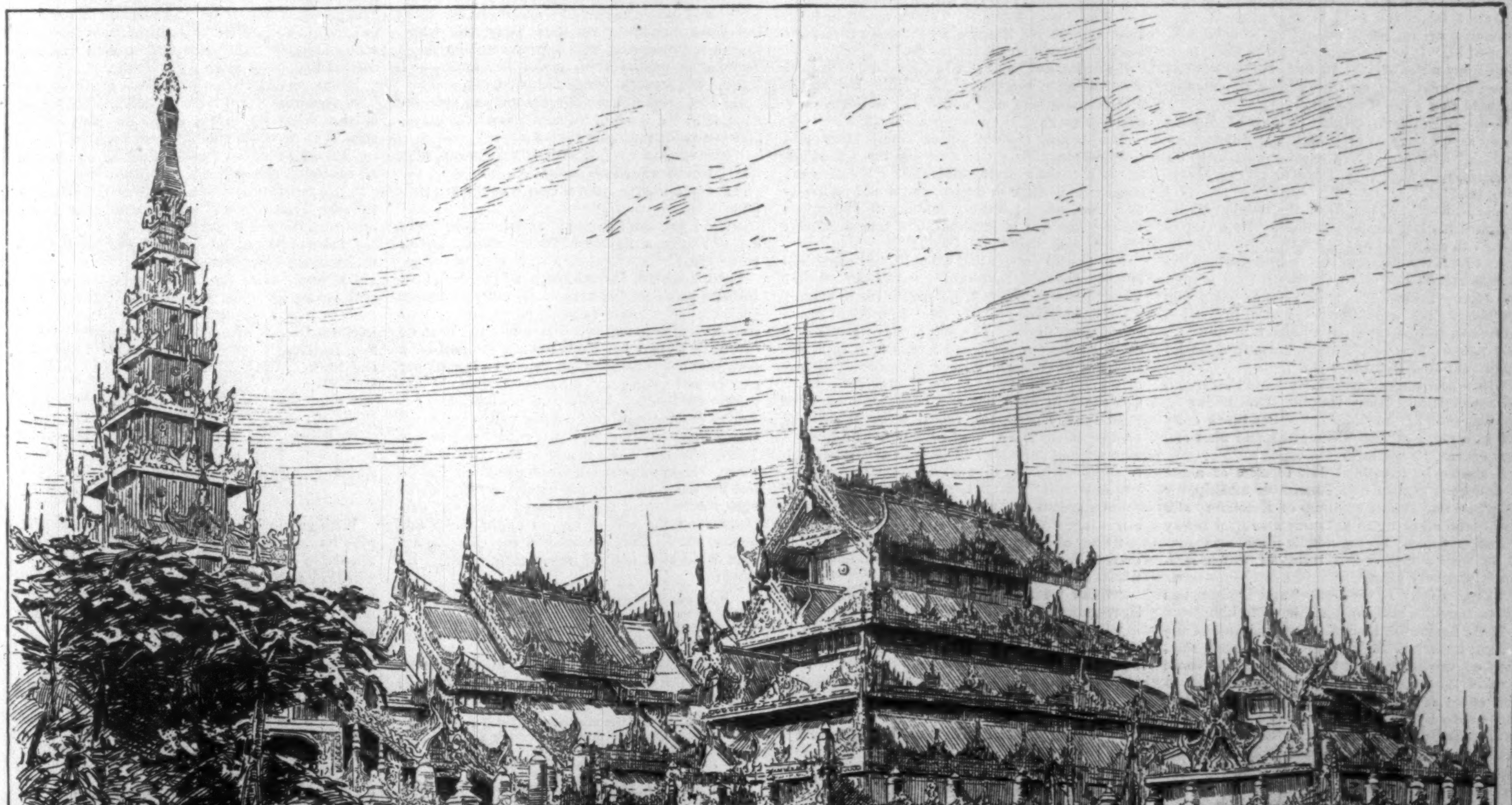
THE ADVENT MISSION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN NEW YORK CITY.—[See Page 778.]



THE SHIVA DAGON PAGODA AT RANGOON.



THE GREAT BELL AT MENGDOON.



MONASTERY NEAR THE EASTERN GATE OF MANDALAY.

THE BRITISH WAR IN BURMAH.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM AND LOUIS JOUTEL, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 775.]

JESSUP'S TILDY.

By FANNY FOSTER CLARK.

I.

It was that winter when stout Mrs. Jessup came down to her bed with rheumatic fever. Dan'l Jessup, her husband, trying to get breakfast for himself and his old deaf brother Ike, swore a temperate "Consarn it all!" then called out, "Mariar, I'm goin' to Philadelphy to fetch an orphian."

"Ugh! umph! Deary goodness me!" groaned Mrs. Jessup, attentive only to her sufferings.

So Dan'l was absent a couple of days; then one night entered the house followed by a slip of a girl. "Here, Mariar," he said, "I've brought the orphian."

"Ugh! umph!" answered Mrs. Jessup. "Let's see her."

Dan'l lifted off the girl's shabby hat, and held up the kerosene lamp.

"What's yer name?" asked Mrs. Jessup.

"Arethusa Chestnut, fourteen years old, No. 327," answered the "orphian" promptly, but in a scared whisper.

"Found in a basket on Chestnut Street," Dan'l explained, "and been brought up in instituoshuns."

"Ugh! umph! She looks like our old mare Tildy, that died last year," said Mrs. Jessup. "She's perfickly ridic'lous."

"Why, she do favor Tildy," Dan'l yelled at old Ike, moving the light up and down before the stranger's face.

"She sartinly do," answered Ike, in his quavering voice. "Kinder ewe-necked, kinder long-featured; her eyes sot high into her head, and looks as if she hadn't got horse-sense. She do sartinly favor Tildy."

Presently the new domestic was grappling with the mystery of the stove dampers, and before long she brought Mrs. Jessup a bowl of palatable gruel.

"Ugh! umph!" said Mrs. Jessup, as she drank it; "you ain't no fool, but you are perfickly ridic'lous, Tildy."

"Yes 'm," answered the girl, accepting the old mare's name quite calmly.

After six years of domestication there seemed no reason to revise the first judgment. Tildy, grown to be twenty years old, was a slab as to figure, had a bony forehead, imperceptible eyebrows, sparse hair, and a long upper lip. Mrs. Jessup had meanwhile hardly ceased from saying, "Ugh! umph!—deary goodness me!" for the rheumatism had become chronic, asthma had set in, and she was quite helpless. Still, in perfect good faith, she used to say, whenever the Ketchums, or the Hulls, or any other neighbors dropped in, "I get through a sight of work, considerin' my afflictions." In fact, Jessup's place looked so neat and well kept that the invalid was held as a kind of wonder.

Becky L. Ketchum, talking to Becky F. Ketchum as they came out of church one Sunday, remarked, "How smart Mrs. Jessup must be to do so much, and with that Tildy to hinder everything too!"

Joel N. Ketchum put forth the opinion, as he crunched his last cardamom seed, "That Tildy's enough to scare the crows."

Just then the object of this compliment passed by, and struck out down the south road toward the Jessup farm. The back view of Tildy was not lovely; her shoulders were thin, her stride enormous, and her dress of a hideous purple with blue spots. The two Beckys burst into a loud laugh, and Joel N. fairly howled.

"Now here comes Lydie S. Hull and that splendid house-painter Harry Halpine," said Becky F., looking over her shoulder. "What black cully hair he's got, and what white teeth, and what elegant cravats he wears!"

It should be explained that identity of name in Redbrook argued no recognizable kinship, for the place was almost made up of Ketchums and Hulls, who all clung to the same ancestral Becky or Joel or Amos. So the middle initial was tacked on with a euphonious result of which Redbrook was very proud.

"Yes," Becky L. went on; "and Lydie S. has got on her blue silk, with a new over-skirt."

Lydie Samantha Hull was the daughter of the richest farmer in Redbrook—a handsome, rosy-cheeked, fair-haired girl too, and one who could unravel the mysteries of that criss-crossed pattern sheet of the *Fifth Avenue Fashion Guide*, and create by its dots and lines garments that thrilled Redbrook to its centre. At the moment she wore the celebrated Princess Maud dolman (pattern 3046), cut in blue cotton velvet, and her over-skirt was that dizzying combination known as "the Clotilde with lambrequin loopings." The young painter who came smiling and bowing by her side had been for the last month at work on her father's new house, and was something entirely novel in that village. It was Redbrook chivalry to maintain in public an indifferent aspect toward the fair sex, so a girl was left to scramble into a wagon quite unaided, while her escort chewed a blade of grass and critically observed her struggles. Now Harry Halpine came from the city of New York, where he was believed to move in the very highest circles of society, and his bearing toward ladies was a startling innovation—an innovation that, except for his skill as a banjo-player, had never been tolerated by the youth of Redbrook. As he drew near, Joel N. called out, "Stop makin' a monkey of yourself." Then, remembering the festive twang of the banjo, he added, humbly, "Come to the store to-morrow night—do."

"I shall spend the evening with Miss Lydie Samantha," said Halpine, boldly, whereat Amos P. and Amos W. Hull, who had just joined the group, exchanged facetious winks. Lydie S., quite delighted, toyed with the fringe of her "Princess Maud" dolman and lisped,

"Ma says please won't you join our family sukkle for Thanksgivin' dinner, a week from Thursday?"

"With the greatest of pleasure, Miss Lydie S.," answered the glass of fashion. Then Joel N. tripped up Mr. Halpine's heels, and the ready Halpine knocked Joel's hat into the air.

By this time Ma and Pa Hull having come up, Mrs. Hull, who talked without rhetorical pauses, said:

"I really don' know Mr. Halpine as we'd oughter expect you to eat with us on Thanksgivin' when there don't seem to be a tukkey fit to cook in all Redbrook along of a kind of a pip as took all the young uns last spring and them three at Jessup's why they can't be got for love or money though folks as farms only thutty acres ought to be glad to turn an honest penny and we're offerin'—"

"You're worse nor a mill wheel. Shut up, Sarah B.," interrupted Mr. Hull, dispassionately, this being his way of stopping his spouse when he wished to speak himself. "I'm willin'"—and he expectorated in the generous way that befitted a man who farmed three hundred acres—"I'm willin' to pay twenty cents a pound for a pair of Jessup's tukkeys."

A murmur of admiration went round, and Joel N. exclaimed, "Gosh! that's a big offer."

"Come, ladies and gentlemen," said Halpine, "let's all pile into a wagon, and take Jessup's by storm."

As the boys and girls drove off, Mr. Hull remarked to his wife, "That young Halpine has got spring in the heel. Why, he has saved up money; paid me cash yesterday for ten acres of good land."

"Then he's certainly goin' to settle down in Redbrook," exclaimed Mrs. Hull, "and he's thinkin' about our Lydie S. a better match I never see he with black cully hair and she with yellow braids and both such a taste in dress why that dolman Lydie S. has got on is—"

"You're worse nor a mill wheel. Shut up, Sarah B.," said Mr. Hull; but he remarked, meditatively, "Nothin' like spring in the heel." And he looked pleased.

When the party arrived at Jessup's farm-house, all whooping and screaming in a highly rural and festive manner, the door was thrown open by Tildy, who still wore that Sunday dress, the ghastly combination of purple and blue. Mrs. Jessup, a monstrous mass of adipose, was wheezing and snorting in an arm-chair, and Lydie S. greeted her with a compliment on the tidy housekeeping.

"'Self-praise is no praise,' as the sayin' is," answered Mrs. Jessup, rolling forward a little in her chair; "but I do get through considerable."

"Well," said Lydie S., "we've come on business. Here's Mr. Halpine, a gentleman from New York. He can speak for my pa."

"Yes, ma'am," and Mr. Halpine came forward with an easy swagger. "Mr. Hull desires his best compliments, and would like to purchase a brace of turkeys at twenty cents a pound."

Mrs. Jessup colored purple before such ceremonious elegance, yet to show she was accustomed to a courtly style, answered: "I desire my compliments back in return, and would be happy to accommodate; but my bound girl Tildy owns them birds, and is just makin' a fool of herself about them. Ain't she, Dan'l?"

For Daniel Jessup had come in, and stood listening. He said, hospitably: "How are ye all? Pretty peart? Set. Make yourselves to home." Then he declared: "Tildy must be brought round about them fowls. You see, a man's cart broke down before our door, and a basket of eggs was smashed in the jolt. 'Here, sis,' says he, by way of a joke, 'you can have 'em.' But Tildy, when she came to wash out the basket, found three good tukkey eggs, and raised them nice young birds. Here, Tildy," he called out. Tildy's ungainly figure and long expressionless face promptly appeared in the kitchen door. "Here, Tildy, you must sell them tukkeys. You'll have twenty cents a pound, and the money all for yourself, to buy a new dress with."

"They ain't for sale," answered Tildy, standing there in her hideous gown—a creature absolutely without one feminine grace.

"Can't we at least see them?" asked Lydie S., tittering.

"Bring 'em here," ordered Jessup, imperatively; for he was anxious to oblige a great man like Farmer Hull.

Tildy went to the door-step, and in a peculiar way called: "Here, Jessie; here, Lil; here, Ned." Presently three glossy young turkeys, with a great deal of gobble and flutter, came hurrying to her feet.

"Good uns!" remarked Amos P.

"I won't have them killed," said Tildy, as Jessie jumped up to peck at her fingers.

"Pshaw!" cried Lydie S.; "what nonsense! My pa will be very mad—very mad indeed," and she drew the "Princess Maud" dolman about her in a high and haughty manner.

"Deary me!" wheezed out Mrs. Jessup from her chair. "Tildy, you'd ought to be ashamed to hold out against your betters that way. Give them fowls up, I say, this very minute—give 'em up. You're a ridic'lous thing. Ugh! umph! Deary goodness me! you're a ridic'lous—a ridic'lous—" Then she broke down in a coughing fit, and the culprit ran to her, supported her ponderous figure, held her lolling head, and finally laid her back against a pillow quite helpless.

"Now, then, Tildy," said Jessup from the outside, "we've got to have them birds."

"They're mine," answered the girl, stalking up straight in front of him.

"Shucks!" shouted the farmer. "Joel N., just ketch them derned things and wring their necks."

"Pitch in, boys," cried Amos P. "Head 'em off," said Amos J.; and they began to chase the scared and fluttering fowls.

Tildy drew back a few paces, stooped, the creatures came to her outstretched hands; then, facing all the jeers and laughter, she said, in a loud, clear voice: "They love me; they trust me. Look here!" as Ned snuggled his foolish head into her hand. "No one shall lay a finger on them." Then two spots of carmine came out upon her sallow cheeks, her eyes flashed, and still sheltering the fowls in her arms, she walked away with a fiercely graceful action that a tragedy queen might have envied.

The village gentry kept silence until she disappeared; then, not knowing just what to do, they laughed. When they all piled into the wagon to go home, Joel N. remarked: "Tukkeys wouldn't be nowhere if Tildy could raise a young man to be fond of."

"But she couldn't," said Lydie S., "for she's uglier than sin."

"She's a reg'lar 'natomy," added one of the Beckys.

"By George!" exclaimed Halpine, "let's have some sport. I'll make love to Tildy—just cheat her, you know—and I'll wheedle those turkeys out of her yet."

"Oh, what fun!" screamed Lydie S. "But Lor'! she can't be made to think anybody would really care for her."

"Leave it to me," said Halpine, "and I'll own those turkeys before Thanksgivin' Day."

"Gosh!" cried Joel N., slapping his knee; "that's the biggest joke ever got off in Redbrook. To go courtin' Jessup's Tildy! Ho! ho! Then let her down slam-bang, and say you've been foolin' her. It's splendid, Halpine—just splendid!"

II.

There was no time to lose; so the very next evening Halpine donned a tight frock-coat and a scarlet cravat; then, after entertaining the boys at the store for a while, he put up his banjo and announced, "Now I'm going to court Jessup's Tildy."

A shout arose so loud that it startled even deaf old Ike Jessup, who was struggling to grapple a kerosene can and shoulder a bag of flour.

"Here's a good excuse for calling," said Halpine. "I'll take that for you, Ike." Then, winking violently, the painter swung out with both bag and banjo. As they approached the farm, Tildy came flying down the moon-lit garden path. Ike handed her the can, and said to the young man, "She can take that flour."

"Not a bit of it," replied Halpine. "It's too heavy for Miss Tildy."

She gave him a strange, quick look, her eye lingering an instant on his dark curls, and again on the bright cravat; then she seized the burden in a practical, accustomed way.

"No—oh no," said Halpine, half commandingly, half caressingly, as he unclasped her thin, toil-worn hands—"no, Miss Tildy, not while there's a strong man who is proud to help you." The hands melted from under his touch, and Tildy made straight for the kitchen.

Halpine entered the sitting-room, and soon remarked to Mr. Jessup, "I'm idle for a few days, and can paint that new shed for you."

"Obleeged to yer," answered Mr. Jessup, dryly. "I can't afford no paintin'."

"I won't charge you a cent," answered Halpine.

"Sho! you don't say so!" exclaimed the farmer. "You're a first-rate young chap. Thank you. Sho!"

Soon, however, Jessup crept off to bed, then Halpine produced his banjo. He played a bright prelude, half a dozen popular tunes, and by that time Mrs. Jessup had fallen fast asleep. Then he carefully turned his back toward the half-open door that led to the kitchen, touched a few silvery chords, and swung into the melody of an old love song. He listened, half turned his head, and began to croon the words. After one verse something came softly creeping toward him; it was Tildy, who had been sitting in the dark outside there. Halpine pretended to see nothing, but let out his tenor voice on the second verse. To be sure, the twang of the prolonged notes was execrable, and the roll of his r's might make one shiver, but to Tildy's untutored ear choiring angels could give nothing more enrapturing. He sang:

> "As summer waves that sleep at night
> Are stillest when they shine,
> Oh! thus my soul lies hushed in light
> Beneath the heaven of thine."

Tildy crept on and on until she stood right before him, her eyes rapt, her hands tightly clasped together. He artfully changed the numbers.

> "Here, where the shadows softly lie,
> Under the elms and the evening sky—
> Here let thy trembling heart find rest;
> Come, love, come to a faithful breast."

Tenderly the last note was drawn out; then Halpine whispered, "Do you like it, Tildy?"

"I didn't know there could be anything so beautiful," she breathed out, with a quivering sigh.

"Ah, Tildy!" he said, leaning toward her with an ardent gesture—"Ah, Tildy!"

She swayed a little, gave a low sob, covering her face with her hands, then turned and fled from the room.

Halpine stared for a moment, but was soon on his way to Hull's, where Lydie S. met him in a "Jessica basque" (pattern 2497), and with the question, "How does it come on?"

"Fine," was the answer. "I've been singing love songs to her."

"Oh! the idea!" screamed Lydie S. Then presently she asked, "Are you going to build on the land you bought from pa?"

"Perhaps," answered Halpine, "if I can get a pretty blue-eyed wife."

"Go 'way!" exclaimed Lydie S., with sweet consciousness, and took a seat beside him on the sofa.

III.

Of course the painting of Mr. Jessup's shed was undertaken betimes, and Halpine costumed himself carefully. A white cap showed off his black hair; a heavy watch chain supplied richness; an expanse of blue neck-tie supplied color. For the first hour Tildy kept the house, so he went and leaned in the kitchen doorway, and stared at her while she persistently polished a tin pan. Presently he had a new idea, and said:

"Miss Tildy, I'm feeling dizzy to-day. Won't you hold the ladder?"

"Feelin' dizzy?" cried Tildy, looking up in alarm.

"Ah!" said the deceiver, with effective sadness, "we painters have to take great risks."

Tildy wiped her hands at once, and ran straight to the shed, where she laid hold of the ladder with a life-or-death grip. The pet turkeys by some instinct found out she was there, and came gobbling from a distant field to peck at her dress. As Halpine looked down at her he remarked, mentally, "Well, that girl's about as homely as they make 'em," but he entertained her unturingly. Once, holding fast by the eaves, he pretended to stumble, and slyly kicked the ladder aside. Instantly, Tildy slipped her arm between the rounds, and by main strength forced it under his feet again, crying out in terror.

Halpine laughed behind his hand, but assured her: "There! it's all over now. Just a passin' spasm like." But after that the girl's eyes never left him for an instant.

Old Ike at last began to split wood near by, but with such complaining groans and such glances toward Tildy that she said to Halpine: "Can't you rest awhile? I must help Ike."

Halpine sat watching her as she took the axe from the old man's hand, told him where his pipe lay ready filled, and sent him trotting off comfortably to the house. After a while Jessup came home, threw the ox-goad down, and called out, "Tildy, the cattle." Then she unyoked the great brutes, who thrust their noses in her hand confidingly, and followed her to the barn in procession, with the old dog, the house cat, the chickens, and the impudent, spoiled turkeys, that actually rode on her shoulders, and to each creature she gave some word, some look, some assuring touch. Then Tildy went in to cook the dinner, and while the men ate, she shook up Mrs. Jessup, and fed her with some special delicacy.

"Ugh! Umph!" said the invalid. "We must bustle about smart this afternoon, Tildy." Then, feeling herself a brisk housekeeper, she dozed off to sleep.

Tildy had her sleeves rolled up for scrubbing, when Halpine noticed her arm, and said to himself that it resembled a jointed broomstick. But he saw, too, that it bore a great swollen bruise, and asked her kindly, "How did that come?" The poor girl hastily pulled down her sleeve and gave no answer, but Halpine remembered the trick with the ladder, and knew well enough that she carried that cruel mark for his sake.

In the evening, when he entered the store, the first words he heard were from some Redbrook blade: "Bet yer half a dollar he can't fascernate Tildy so she'll give up them tukkeys."

"I'll take that bet," yelled Joel N., and tossed all his small change on the counter.

"Bet yer seventy-five cents he don't get 'em in time for Than'sgivin'," was another offer freely taken by Halpine's admirers.

"Pshaw! he may bring other birds just to cheat us," was somebody's suggestion.

"Fellers," cried Joel N. in great excitement, and springing upon a soap box, "Harry Halpine, of New York city, is a trump. He won't go back on friends who have put up money on him. Say, Halpine, we've got to see that girl hand over the fowls. Why can't you hide us in Jessup's barn?"

"Yes! yes!" said a dozen voices. "Promise that."

"All right," answered Halpine, confidently; "I promise." Then the halves and quarters were slapping down in reckless profusion.

IV.

With so much hanging upon success, Mr. Halpine found it advisable to use the irresistible influence of a bright purple cravat, the effect of which he noted at once in Tildy's fluttered manner as she glanced up from ironing. "Gracious!" was Halpine's reflection, "she's homelier than ever this morning. How pale she is!"

Presently old Ike appeared with a dozen querulous demands. "Tildy, where's my shoes?" "Tildy, tie my neckercher." "Tildy, put on my coat." Then he complained, "Deaf as I be, Mariar kep' me awake las' night with her coughin' and wheezin'. Tildy jist lets her disturb the house."

"Did she set up last night?" asked Halpine.

"Set up!" replied Ike, angrily; "she sets up a'most every night; but why can't she stop Mariar's cough?—that's what I say."

It was a particularly busy day for Tildy, and not until twilight did Halpine miss the sound of her never-resting footsteps. He spied about, and found her in a corner of the wood-shed, seated on a log, feeding and caressing those turkeys. She stroked their glossy backs, called them "Poor Jess, pretty Lil, good old Ned," and somehow she seemed not half so plain or so awkward in the company of creatures that appreciated her care and love. Halpine, who had stolen upon her, crept away unseen.

But time was being lost, and in the evening it seemed necessary to hasten matters by means of that banjo again. Tildy was alone, busily darning stockings, but from the first chord that Halpine struck, the needle came more and more slowly. He posed after the model of the lover in a travelling show, and now and again the helpless girl stole a glance at his dark curls, the color on his cheek, or his silky mustache. At last, after due preluding, he fell into a song in which he adjured some fair creature,

> "Leave me not to die of love."

Tildy's work dropped in her lap, and Mr. Halpine felt that she was at the mercy of his fascinations.

He took her hand; it was particularly bony and unyielding; but he said, softly, "Do you love me, Tildy?"

"Oh," cried the poor thing, more in anguish than delight, "who could help it?"

Halpine patted the callous palm, and inquired, with peculiar gusto, "Why, do you see anything in partic'lar about me, Tildy?"

"Yes," she replied, breathlessly; "you are so handsome, so—so wonderful, and so good!"

The fellow rather started at the last word, and if he had a conscience, it must have spoken; but he went on presently, "I'm very much in love with you, Tildy."

"No, no," said Tildy; "I'm not worthy of you. I'm homely and ridic'lous. You ought to marry the best and beautifulest girl ever was born, and she wouldn't be half good enough."

Halpine hung his head a little before her belief in his uprightness, for he had been careful to avoid all mention of marrying. Then he said, boldly, "Come, Tildy, come, give me a kiss."

She rose and drew away from him; then, meeting his eyes, bravely and seriously, answered, "I've got no right to take what belongs only to your promised wife."

Silently Mr. Harry Halpine picked up his banjo and silently he left her.

V.

The next move in the game was the adoption of a black cravat and deep melancholy. Whenever his victim appeared, Halpine fell into attitudes of grief and desolation; sometimes sitting perfectly rigid and gazing at the ground, sometimes sitting perfectly limp and gazing at nothing. Tildy came and went as usual, in her unceasing toil; yet with anxious eyes she watched Halpine, who sighed profoundly whenever he caught her looking. At last she came and asked, simply:

"Are you in trouble? Can I help you?"

"Trouble enough," replied Halpine. "A money matter is weighing upon me. The fact is, I'm in need of six or eight dollars. I'd sell my watch, but that was a present from my poor mother."

"Then," said Tildy, "you're not rich, as they say in the village."

"No. I'm a poor man. Well, there's only one way out of this trouble. I must sell my banjo. Oh, Tildy, it will be awful hard to part with that."

For the first time she came near to him voluntarily; her eyes were brimming with tears, and she laid a hand on his arm, with the words, "I can help you."

"Nonsense!" he answered. "You're poor as I am. Ah! the banjo must go. No more pleasant evenings with my old friend; no more comfort after my day's work. Oh, Tildy, it just hurts me to part with that dear old banjo!"

"You shall never do it!" she cried, her plain face all glowing with goodness. "I've got something that's worth money."

"Oh no, my poor girl," sighed the hypocrite.

"I have—I have." But her voice faltered a little—"I've got my three turkeys."

"But, Tildy—" Halpine began, as if with some compunction.

"Hush! I'll give them to you to-morrow. Sell them, and you'll have the money."

"Bring them to me, then, in the barn, at dusk—say five o'clock."

"Yes," she said; "and don't be unhappy another instant."

When that evening Joel N. yelled out, "Time's goin', Halpine—how about them tukkeys?" the painter answered, "You can all come to Jessup's barn at five o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

It was, however, somewhat to that young man's credit that he went about next day without his airs and graces, but quite quietly, almost humbly. As to Tildy, she was calmer than usual, and smiled on him gently and assuringly. When, about noon, he missed her for a few minutes, he knew where to look. With his eye at a knot-hole, he could see her in the corner of the wood-shed, sitting with the three turkeys in her lap, they pecking at her hands, and she softly crying over them.

Halpine kept up a pretense of work until nearly five o'clock, then he heard a wagon coming on the road. At a little distance it stopped; then some shadows crept into the barn, and he followed them. Lydie S. exclaimed, "I shall die a-laughin'." And Joel N. informed him, "I've bet as much as twenty dollars on you." The gay young painter pushed a dozen of them behind the half-open barn doors. Then he waited. Sharp on five o'clock Tildy's thin figure emerged from the house. She came swiftly to where Halpine stood, and laying a burden across his arms, said,

"There they are. Sell them."

"What!" he exclaimed, "are they dead? Oh, Tildy, I didn't mean you should kill them. I—I only wanted to—to—"

"I didn't kill them," she interrupted, choking back a sob. "I couldn't. Ike done it for me." Then touching each one gently, she said, "Here's Ned, here's Jess, here's Lil. Don't think I grudge their lives to you. I'd do a thousand times as much." She turned to leave him, but something checked her, something like smothered laughter coming from behind the barn door.

"What's that?" she asked, sharply.

"Only some stray geese cackling," Halpine answered, in a loud voice. "Tildy," and he caught her about the waist, "I've seen how good you are, how patient you are, how innocent, and how modest. I wouldn't give one of your little, thin, hard-worked fingers for all the rich and handsome girls ever was born. Tildy, I began with makin' game of you, and I've ended with lovin' you honest and true." Before she could meet him with deprecation or denial, he had borne her off to the house. Somehow there was that in his eyes and voice which she was compelled to believe, and she could hardly falter out,

"But I'm so ridic'lous."

"I've seen you, Tildy," said her lover, "when you were beautiful."

The next time Halpine sauntered into the store the boys looked very glum and dissatisfied.

"What yer mean, anyway," asked Amos P., "by not havin' the fun out, and lettin' Tildy down slam-bang?"

"I kept my promise," said the painter. "You saw me get the turkeys, only I'm sorry the poor things were dead."

"But," began Joel N., "that ridic'lous Tildy is—"

"Take care," said Halpine, turning upon him with a glare in his black eyes; "you're a-mentionin' the girl that's to be my wife."

When Mr. Harry Halpine settled down on the land bought from Farmer Hull, Lydie S., meeting him one day, remarked, sarcastically, "I've heard tell your wife was named after an old mare."

"Yes," he answered, coolly, looking her up and down, "Eugénie mantilla" (No. 2207) and all—"yes, she was named after a kind, faithful, gentle creature, and I'm proud of it." For Halpine, under those gorgeous cravats, had a heart in the right place, after all.

It was wonderful how Tildy, with the consciousness of being respected and loved, grew out of her awkwardness; and while nobody but her husband ever saw her look beautiful, many a stranger says, "She looks like goodness itself."

THANKSGIVING MARKETING.

The Washington Market of to-day is not the Washington Market of old. It is a much fresher and more healthy-looking place than the old ramshackle affair of former years. The Thanksgiving Eve surroundings of Washington Market are, however, the same now as they have ever been. The buyers of turkeys and other Thanksgiving Day edibles swarm about it like bees around a hive, and jostle one another in its narrow passageways. Big turkeys and little turkeys hang, cold in death, from rows upon rows of cruel hooks, their plump or skinny, white or pinkish, breasts decorated with little bright-colored rosettes, in mockery of the pitiless fate that has already befallen them, and the cruel mutilation which is to overtake them on the morrow. Ducks and geese and chickens are piled in mounds on the zinc-covered counters, and the carcasses of fallen deer hang from the hooks, while banks of green-topped celery and rosy-cheeked apples lend color to the scene. Small tradesmen fill up the spaces between the regular market stalls with appetizing stores of hares, rabbits, and other small game, and big butchers in iron-starched white or checked aprons move around like jolly warders at a fair. At the street corners outside of the market little rosy-cheeked girls, and old women whose cheeks are no longer rosy, sit behind huge baskets of oranges and apples.

In this issue is published an interior view looking down one of the aisles of the big market building on the afternoon preceding Thanksgiving Day. The evening rush has not yet set in. A few hours later, and the passageway will be almost impassable, and there will be an indescribable confusion of sounds, as shrill-voiced women clamor for Thanksgiving bargains, and the venders in the market cry forth the excellence of their wholesome wares.

HORACE B. CLAFLIN.

Horace Brigham Claflin, since the death of A. T. Stewart probably the most widely known dry-goods merchant in this country, died suddenly of apoplexy at his Fordham residence on Saturday, November 14. The stroke was received in the midst of a pleasant dinner party on the previous evening, when Mr. Claflin was in his usual good health, and he remained unconscious until his death, some twenty hours. He was born at Milford, Massachusetts, December 18, 1811, his father being a general trader at that place. His boyhood life alternated between his father's store and the village school, and on becoming of age he formed a partnership with a friend and took his father's business. The little town affording a narrow field for their ambition, they removed to Worcester in 1834, and there built up a thriving business by energy and enterprise. In 1843 Mr. Claflin, feeling the need of the widest field for his efforts, came to New York with a capital of $30,000, and opened a wholesale dry-goods establishment in Pine Street, in partnership with William H. Buckley, shortly after moving into a larger store in Cedar Street. The business grew, until, in 1851, it was transferred to the Trinity Building in Broadway, when Mr. Buckley retired from the firm, and his place was taken by Mr. Mellen. Sagacity and energy continued to build up the business, until, in 1860, it attained the remarkable dimensions for those times of $13,500,000. The copartnership was again changed in 1861, when the firm took possession of the enormous building since occupied by it on Worth Street. The commercial disasters following the battle of Bull Run forced it to a temporary suspension, but it met all liabilities, and was soon again under wonderful headway, building up its transactions to $70,000,000 or $80,000,000 a year. There was another check after the panic of 1873, when the firm had to claim the indulgence of its vast body of business creditors, but since that time it has continued to carry on an immense and profitable wholesale trade, though its relative position has not been what it was before. The remarkable success of the establishment in its vast and complicated operations was due to Mr. Claflin's firm grasp of the details of the dry-goods trade, the confidence he inspired, and his skill in dealing with men, both those associated with him or in his employ and those who were his customers. Privately he was genial, kindly, and philanthropic, and averse to ostentation. For years he had been a close friend of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and a pew-holder at Plymouth Church. His home was in Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, and he had an out-of-town residence at Fordham, where he died. His wife, originally Anna Sanger, of Sherburne, Massachusetts, whom he married while in business in Worcester, survives him, and he leaves two sons, one of whom is a member of the firm of which he was the head. Personally Mr. Claflin was peculiarly alert, wiry, and active, quick-witted and jovial, and a pleasant companion. In business he concentrated his activity into an intense application, and in private life permitted it to diffuse into a sparkling gayety which gave him complete relaxation.

THE WAR IN BURMAH.

The war which has just begun in Burmah is the third and probably the last war between England and that country. The first was in 1824, and at its end the states of Tenasserim and Aracan were left in English hands; the second Burmese war was in 1852, and resulted in the loss of what little remained on the coast, including the important city of Rangoon, which has since been a valuable centre of British trade. British Burmah now comprises an area of about 100,000 square miles, with 5,000,000 of inhabitants; native Burmah is 500 miles long by 300 broad, and has about 3,000,000 of people inside its limits. It is probable that before many weeks the independent kingdom of Burmah will have ceased to exist, and the whole country be brought under British rule. King Theebaw is a ferocious tyrant who murdered all his blood-relatives a few years ago through fear of a conspiracy to drive him from the throne. He has been guilty of many atrocities, and so oppressive has been his rule that many thousands of his subjects have fled into British Burmah, where they find peace and protection. He has interfered with trade on the upper Irrawaddy, and the English authorities say he has done it in consequence of French intrigues. The immediate cause of the present trouble is a decree of the King against the Bombay and Burmah Trading Corporation, an English company engaged in developing trade in native Burmah, and through that country with western China. The King decreed a fine upon the company of more than $1,000,000, based upon an alleged violation of its privileges. The company refused to pay the fine, and appealed to the Indian government for protection. The Viceroy suggested to the King that a settlement might be reached by arbitration; the King refused to arbitrate the matter, and sent an insolent message in reply to the proposal. Before sending an ultimatum the Chief Commissioner asked for a reenforcement of 5000 troops, which was given, and then the ultimatum was forwarded. This was rejected, and now the hostilities are well under way. Five thousand troops and a river flotilla of gun-boats will make short work with the Burmese army, which is not large, is poorly armed, and worse drilled. The most serious obstacle to the British advance was the fort on the river at Minhla, and this has been taken with ease.

The Shiva Dagon Pagoda at Rangoon is the great sight of the city. It stands on elevated ground at the edge of the city, and is about three hundred feet high; it rests on a platform one thousand feet square, and presents an imposing appearance. The dome was originally covered with gold, and the quantity of gold-leaf upon it was said to equal the weight of the king who witnessed its completion. Much of the gilding has been worn off by the rains of Burmah, but enough remains to justify its name of "Golden Pagoda." The great bell of Mengdoon is claimed to be second only to that of Moscow: a dozen persons can stand inside of it, and a tall man extending his arms can just touch the edges of the bell with his fingers. Its value is very great, as it contains a large amount of precious metals. Before it was cast, the people came in great numbers and threw their gold and silver ornaments into the huge crucibles.

Mandalay is a modern city, founded in 1857, and is chiefly interesting for being the capital of Burmah. Its most important buildings are the temples and monasteries, the latter being the home of many Buddhist priests, and the royal palace, which has a curious arrangement of gilded roofs. Most of the monasteries are on the eastern side of the palace inclosure, some of them on a hill overlooking the city, and one quite near the gate by which the palace is reached. The city consists of two squares, one within the other, the palace being in the centre of the inner square. The inner square is surrounded by a stockade of teak-wood twelve feet high, and the outer one is protected by an earth-work with a moat. This earth-work would no doubt be a formidable barrier to an Oriental army, but will not form a serious obstacle in a British attack.

Thomas W. Knox.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The *Great Eastern*, according to the London *Figaro*, is to be moored midway between here and Europe. Several other ships will be moored with her. They will be provided with stores and connected with an ocean cable, and will be sort of half-way houses and news exchanges for skippers crossing the Atlantic. It is to be hoped that in foggy weather and on dark and stormy nights they will manage to make their whereabouts known to those sharp steel racers of the seas which are accustomed in a murky atmosphere and in the absence of warning to cut through stationary objects of this nature as a cheese-knife cuts through cheese. The probability is that they will enjoy the immunity of light-ships, which they resemble. The light-ship, as everybody knows, is not amenable to disaster. Ships are smitten by their fellows, and go down, and storms blow which send whole fleets to the bottom, but no light-ship was ever of these. There is a tradition that one belonging hereabouts once broke from its moorings in a storm and drifted as far as Newfoundland before it was succored and brought back, but the tale is not credited by sea-faring men. At any rate, nothing better could be wished the *Great Eastern* and her consorts than that they may ride at their moorings in mid-ocean as safely as though they were light-ships on the coast.

An eminent German traveller of celebrated scientific attainments says that sheep transferred to the tropics speedily lose their wool; that while the lion at the Cape and in northern Africa has a mane, the lion in central Africa has none, and that it is contrary to a plain law of nature and of health for man to wear woollen in a hot climate. The comparison seems a little queer. Tropical birds are feathered, and cotton grows only in a hot climate; yet it wouldn't be nice in a latitude where the mercury stands at something like one hundred degrees the year round to sleep on a feather-bed under a cotton-stuffed quilt. The logic seems to be faulty which says that anything is unsuited to a hot climate simply because it is the product of a cold one. Ice, although indigenous to the regions of powerful cold, is still a comfortable and beneficial thing to have at the equator; and wool makes exceedingly cool garments if it be woven loose and thin.

London has come to be a little doubtful regarding the merit of some of her public statues. New York has gone beyond the stage of doubt regarding the merit of some of hers.

A New York newspaper quite gravely reports: "Walking matches no longer command attention in England. A man named Spencer lately walked 6000 miles in twenty-one days, attracting little notice." He ought to have attracted notice. He went about as fast as a second-class ocean steam-ship, namely, 286 miles a day, or twelve miles an hour.

It is reported that of the sixteen cannon owned by the State of Connecticut only one is in serviceable condition. Were there to occur an irruption of a large and well-armed force from Rhode Island, it is probable that the incautious State would be unable to protect itself.

The cyclone as a vehicle has rarely met with strictures from the Western press. On the contrary, nearly every newspaper of the Western country has repeatedly contained accounts of the most delightful journeys and excursions performed upon cyclones by children, barns, cattle, brick-yards, astonished farmers, and all manner of persons and things. Lately, however, there have been occasional murmurs against the cyclone, and the Omaha *Bee* says: "A twelve-year-old Dakota girl, taken up into the air by a cyclone, carried out of sight, and brought easily down in a field a quarter of a mile away, describes her sensation while in transit as that of being rapidly and constantly pricked by thousands of needles. Since her experience she has been affected similar to a person with St. Vitus's dance." If the idea becomes prevalent in the West that cyclone travelling is associated with unpleasant consequences, it is probable that some other means of conveyance will be favored by the people, and that one of the most interesting of the tornado's occupations will be gone.

A Michigan man believes that he has grounds for divorce because his wife has an inveterate habit of picking up stray paving-stones, and has almost filled the house with them. A facetious friend assures him that, whatever may be his right to a divorce, he certainly has grounds for providing himself with a stone-yard.

It cost more than $59,000 to examine the flesh of the swine which were offered for sale in Berlin last year, and trichinæ were found in 2000 animals. It would have been cheaper to have let in on faith the Westphalian hams, which are prepared in this country. They would have contained no trichinæ, probably, and the Germans of the father-land would joyfully have welcomed the re-appearance of a product which Westphalia proper can not begin to supply in proportion to the great home demand.

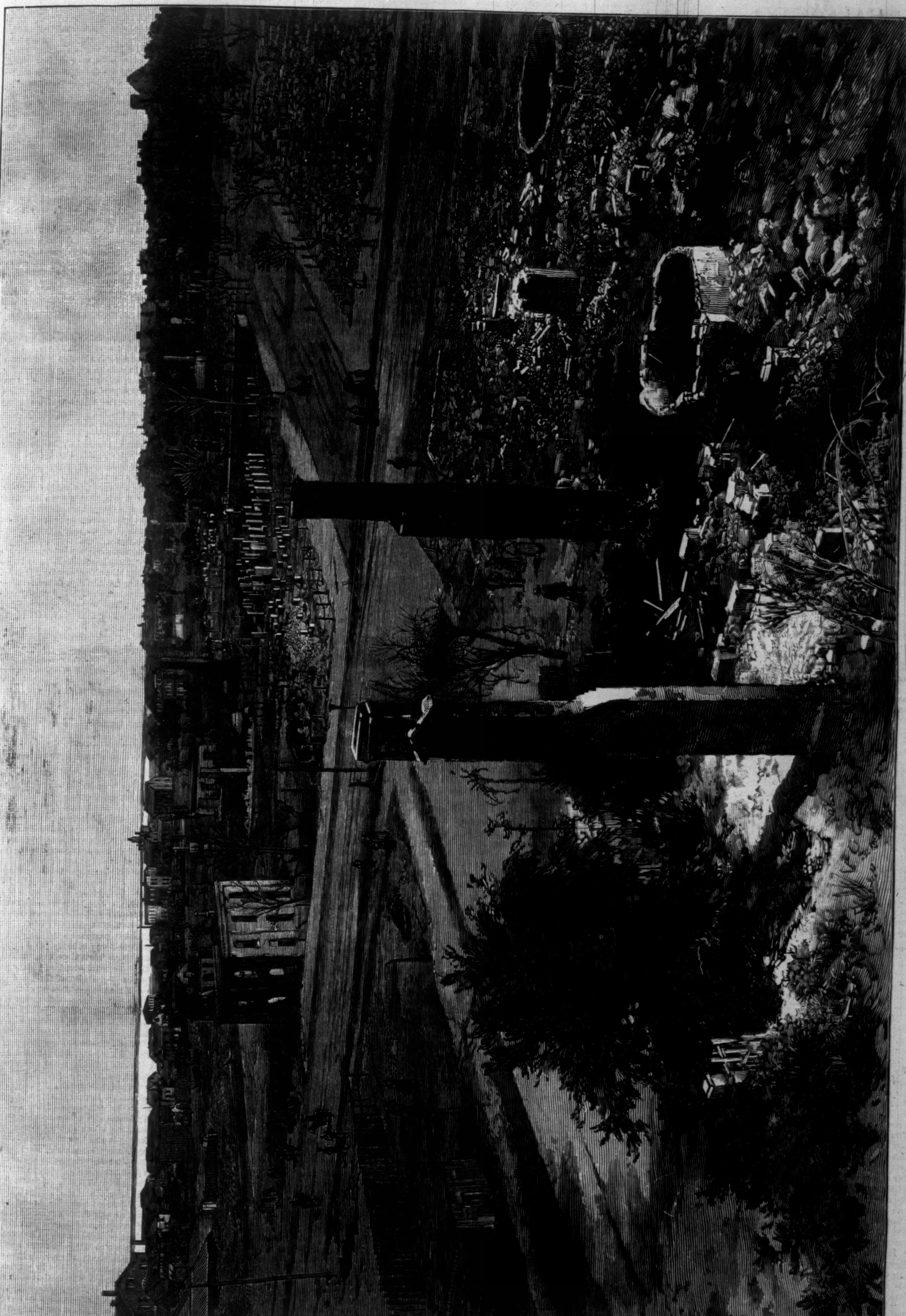
A newspaper paragraph says that "cooks in Australia get from $240 to $720 a year," and that "Chinese cooks get from $240 to $420." That "there are cooks and Chinese cooks" seems to be a new epigram, founded on the form of the old one that "there are men and men"; perhaps more humorous, but objectionable because it is open to the suspicion of being the result of race prejudice.

It is said that the bell used in a play at the Théâtre Français is the one that gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, but nobody need believe it.

In Paris last year there were 80,270 births and 72,735 deaths.

An Englishman desirous of achieving fame by making a dangerous ascent in the Alps must feel that he is somewhat inadequately compensated, after all, by the announcement in nearly all the newspapers in the world that the perilous feat in question was accomplished by "an Englishman of the name of Carter." Still, that is not so bad as it would be were the conditions such as to warrant the newspapers in declaring that the ascent was accomplished by "an Englishman of the name of Smith."

WASHINGTON MARKET THE DAY BEFORE THANKSGIVING.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 775.]



GALVESTON AFTER THE FIRE.—Photographed by P. H. Rose, Galveston.—[See Page 779.]

HALF-WAY.*

AN ANGLO-FRENCH ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE STRENGTH OF A WOMAN'S WEAKNESS.

They rose from their knees, and side by side passed silently into the cloister. Jeannie had no need to bid her companion be expeditious. He read the imperative necessity for dispatch in her face, yet his pale lips remained dumb. For a minute or two they sat looking at each other without a word. At last, with a glance and tone of tenderest pity, she said, "Must I, then, speak for you? and if so, will you be guided by what I say?"

There are certain sweet women, not necessarily mothers, with whom the maternal instinct is so strong that it shows itself in every relation. Their friends, their servants, all those with whom they come into close contact, receive from them that comforting, protective, soothing sympathy and affection we are accustomed to regard as motherly. Jeannie was such a woman. From her earliest years she had exercised a strong influence on those around her by virtue of being able, like a mother, to feel for and suffer with her children, and never before had this sympathetic faculty been called into play more fully than now. As she gazed upon Millison Methold, and realized all the painful self-conflict weighing him down, the agonized self-reproach crushing his naturally high spirit, the mental confusion making the path of the future dark and fearful, she felt ready to fold him in her arms as a mother her perplexed, heart-broken child, and let him weep out his inmost grief upon her pitying breast. But he was her lover; only a year or two divided them; she must comfort and strengthen him some other way.

"Be guided by me," she reiterated, smiling at him through her tears.

"Oh!" cried the young man, ready to fall on his knees before her and pour out all his love, wistfulness, and desolation, "one word from you, and I obey. Only," he added, with trembling lips and half-averted face, "do not tell me that I must keep out of your sight forever."

Again Jeannie smiled; then, growing quite collected and methodical, determined on no account whatever to let this interview take the shape of a love passage, she went on: "If indeed you place such confidence in me, this is what my better judgment counsels. You hesitate; you do not feel sure of yourself; you look back wistfully. Then, I say, only one course is open. Withdraw whilst there is yet time."

She had nicely read his thoughts so far. But was there yet time? his face said. Speaking very rapidly, she anticipated the objection. "Withdrawal, even honorable withdrawal, is still possible; but nevertheless I acknowledge the matter to be a very delicate one. The very greatest tact and discretion are required. Your motives for this tremendous change must be represented without reserve or exaggeration. The counter-arguments sure to be brought forward, appeals, persuasions, of those who in a certain sense have claims upon you, will be very strong. I fear you are in no condition of mind for such a discussion."

That Millison owned to be perfectly true also. Never in his life had he felt so shaken, crushed, resistless. The conflict of the last hour had utterly unmanned him.

"You would allow yourself to be overruled and convinced against your will," Jeannie added. "You would, I feel sure, yield to an overnice sense of honor."

Millison assented. Yet how to get out of the dilemma? He could not shun this interview, flee like one ashamed, conscience-stricken, fearful of himself.

Jeannie now felt that a very difficult point remained to argue out, and brought all her tact and womanly finesse to bear upon it. She recognized the true obstacle to what seemed a comparatively easy solution of the problem. No prouder nature existed than that of the young man now placing his destiny in her hands.

"If, indeed, you are ready to follow my guidance, then I have but a word to add. Your only course is to leave the entire business of explanation to me."

Millison glanced at her, crimsoning. "You fear that departure will wear the look of cowardice," she said, speaking at great pains to be exactly understood. "That charge I will take upon myself to dispose of." For a moment she hesitated, seeing herself forced into, much against her will, something like a personal confidence. "Let us face the facts in a calm, practical manner, not thinking of ourselves, our own feelings, regarding them impersonally as if they were stated of others. What are they, then? You love a woman. That honest affection causes you to draw back from a celibate priesthood. Is this a story to shame your lips or my own? And just because I am that woman, on my shoulders the reproach of your recantation naturally falls. There are other reasons why I should be your mouth-piece. Those who come to-morrow to claim you are my countrymen; I am a child of their Church; more than one member of my family has served her well: at least your cause could find no better apologist."

It was wonderful how these simple, straightforward, unanswerable words were gradually lifting the load from Millison's spirit, and clearing his troubled vision. Every moment seemed to make the future easier.

"Yet listen to one argument more," pursued Jeannie. "I am older than yourself. I speak, moreover, with the authority of one who has more experience of life. It is only in accordance with the fitness of things that I come forward. My womanly pride, moreover, is implicated. Could I allow you to go to this encounter with my name upon your lips? No—a thousand times no! But your own the name of a foreigner, a convert to my religion, a youthful lover—ah! must not any just, not to say generous minded woman have something to say here?" She added, quickly, fearing lest her last epithet might have galled him: "For youthful any man must seem to a woman even but a year or two his senior, especially in my own case, a wife at eighteen, a widow at twenty-two. Let that pass, however. Time presses. Will you indeed be guided by me? Then go; leave your honor, your conscience, your future, in my hands."

Millison glanced at her with a lingering look of passionate appeal. Would she send him away and give him no clew to her feelings for him, the life in store? In rescuing him from a painful imbroglio, would she accord no hope to cheer him on the morrow? Jeannie, however, had so rigidly and of set purpose avoided any allusion to the future, as it immediately concerned themselves and his love for her, that he dared not shape his thought into words.

"Indeed and indeed there is no time to lose. Absent yourself at least for a few days. I heard you say that Anatole this very evening sets out for the fair at St.-Georges. Why not go with him?"

Still Millison looked irresolute. Jeannie rose, and motioned him to do the same, speaking now very rapidly and decisively.

"I feel sure this is the best, the wisest thing to do," she said. "Wait to make no adieux. Camma, with her nurse and Eugène, is nutting in the woods. Do not await their return. And your sudden determination to see the fair will surprise no one. You will, too, be within reach if wanted. And if not wanted, you can prolong your stay in our Burgundian highlands till the weather finally breaks, and find your way to Velours a month hence."

That mention of Velours, Jeannie's home, changed everything in Millison's eyes. His face glowed on a sudden, his eyes lost their wistful, half-despondent look; the voice with which he answered her had a positively cheerful ring. "Will you too be at Velours?"

"Foolish boy!" cried Jeannie. "Have I a dozen homes that you put the question? If not there, where, indeed?"

"I will do as you say," he replied, almost briskly. Then, with a faint smile, he added, "I think gaping at a fair is all I am good for just now."

"Such a fair is worth gaping at," she said. "You will also see much beautiful country. But there is not a moment to lose. The diligence for St.-Georges passes the other side of the valley toward night-fall. Just time, no more, to make a hasty meal with Anatole, and reach the halting-place below. Let us hasten in-doors."

His brain in a whirl, his heart beating high with sweet, vague, nameless thoughts, Millison followed her into the house. They found the provident Anatole already fortifying himself against the fatigues of the journey. Time pressed. Jeannie with her own hands spread a napkin, and brought out bread, meat, and wine—at this hour of the day the kitchen being deserted for the fields. Anatole prepared the traveller's knapsack, and in half an hour the pair were ready for departure. Vainly Millison hoped, even importuned, by shy, adoring glances, one last endearing word. She gave him her hand, wished him an affectionate godspeed. That was all. Yet no sooner was he gone than he felt more than satisfied. And not only the joy of a liberated conscience, the buoyant sense of being able to love, hope, and look forward once more, thrilled his whole being. He was as one who has breathed for a time the atmosphere of some exquisite phenomenon, a poem, a melody, a sculptor's masterpiece, till his very nature is informed with beauty not its own. The fragrance clings to him, the melody haunts his ears, the loveliness moves him to tender, impassioned thought. Something he has gained, intangible, yet never to be lost. Millison Methold's nature was of that to which poets are akin. He must feel acutely if at all; new delicious impressions made him their captive. Life meant nothing unless emotion. No wonder, then, that as he slowly descended the fragrant pine wood in the gathering gloom, Jeannie's image remained ever before his eyes. He was content, more than content, for the present, to worship at a distance, and to feel aware of her interest in him vaguely and indefinitely. This newly acknowledged adoration awed his hitherto careless mind. He trembled in fear as well as transport before the consciousness of her unbounded power over him. Not for worlds would he have had it otherwise, or robbed her empire of aloofness and mystery. The conviction was sweet, yet solemn, that his life was nothing, could never be anything, without this woman's kindness. She had rescued him from what he felt now must have proved moral shipwreck of one kind; would she abandon him to another more dreadful to contemplate by far?

Even such misgivings as these afforded sweet matter for thought. At least up to a certain point the threads of her existence were now entangled with his own. Strangers they could never be!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BATTLING FOR A SOUL.

It was wonderful with what *sang-froid* Jeannie prepared for an encounter which might well have abashed the sturdiest spirit. Everything was against her but the truth. Millison Methold's retrogression must appear very compromising. He had given a twofold pledge, promising to the Church of his adoption alike his life and his fortune. The new convert was one of whom any theological sect might be proud. The makings of something more than a popular preacher were here. Handsome, ingenuous, passionate—of such youths are those priests made who make women weep and all the world listen.

How could she deliberately undertake to plead such a case at all, much less with any hope of success? But Jeannie relied first on the truth, and next on herself. Not hers the blame of this young Englishman's devotion. His love had come unsought. But he was a man free to love and ask in marriage. She was bound to answer him according to her heart and conscience. Life had not been easy to this sweet widow of twenty-five. Already encounters as painful, if not as tough and hazardous, had fallen to her share; many a cruel dilemma also; but for the first time she was called upon to wage such warfare as this, and contest inch by inch the right over a human soul. To her astonishment, next day, when a carriage drove up, only one visitor descended; she had been led to expect several. She now recognized in this emissary of Rome the very man of all others she would have preferred not to meet; this was a Jesuit father, well known in French society and the world for the delicate and often dubious parts he was accustomed to play not only in private but public affairs.

He entered, a tall, angular Lorrainer, polished outwardly by social intercourse and travel, yet in his person an evident departure from the tradition of his brotherhood. Such a man, despite acquired urbanity and finesse, could hardly be of aristocratic origin. Not many generations, surely, separated him from his ancestor the rude son of the soil.

The pair presented the strangest contrast—she so slender and delicate, the very personification of feminine grace, and, in a certain sense, weakness; he towering above her in stature, and possessed of an exceptionally powerful physique.

Greeting her after ceremonious fashion, he glanced round the room, not perhaps with wholly unaffected astonishment. The real cause of the young convert's silence had certainly been guessed beforehand. Jeannie's presence now explained all.

"I came in search of a defaulter, to find, as usual, an innocent woman ready to make excuses for him," he said, smiling. Then accepting the proffered chair, he sat down, eying her penetratingly, as he added, in a different voice, "Not yours, certes, the guilt—if to be laid to your sex at all—of estranging this young man from the paths of conscience and duty."

The gauntlet being thus thrown down, there was nothing for Jeannie to do but pick it up.

"I am here on purpose to speak the truth," she began, very modestly and deferentially, keeping her self-control and collectedness till they should be needed.

"Pray say anything you have to say; I am all attention," answered the priest.

"First, then, let me explain that it is in accordance with my especial wishes, and much against his own inclination, that Mr. Methold thus absents himself."

A query abrupt enough was on the point of rising to the other's lips. He refrained, however, and let her go on. She continued, with much quiet pathos and dignity.

"You applied the word 'guilty' just now to the instrument of his defalcation. I avow myself to be that instrument, but the epithet I entirely disclaim. A Catholic and your country-woman, I yet so far exonerate myself. Blameworthy it doubtless is to rob the Church of one servant more. Would not that be guilt indeed to force him into her service whose spirit relucts, and who would only enter half-hearted upon the work?"

Still he suffered her to continue; but she was not deceived by affable, apparently acquiescent silence. She knew that it but cloaked the passion to be revealed later.

"Pray do not misunderstand me," she continued: "I feel that I am acting here not only in accordance with my conscience, but my religion. Who serves Heaven and the Church best—the layman pure of heart, or the priest who in spite of good intentions falls from the path of duty? And women, weak vessels although they be, are charged with at least one good, one divine service—the transmission of human affection. Woe, then, to those of my sex who tamper with it, tread it under foot, worse still, regard it as a means of subjecting a soul to their caprices!"

Up to this point she had been anticipating his objections, and now paused, agitated. Not once had her visitor interrupted. Every one of her sentences seemed a reply to unspoken argument.

"For this young man's soul is mine," she added, quietly passionate, "to do with as I will. Our eyes are not deceived in these matters. Should I deserve the name of a woman, much less of a Christian, if I condemned this one to a simulated resignation only to end in shame and misery? No redemption for him, as for how many another, lies in the common unmiraculous way. Millison Methold is not made of the stuff of saints and martyrs, instead of ordinary clay, yet capable of taking a fair and seemly shape under the mild influences of domestic happiness and affection."

The priest had winced from time to time during these speeches, without opening his lips. Seeing that she had no more to say, he now set himself the task of replying. "You are a bold woman to avow such opinions as these to me," he began; "but I am not your confessor; I pass them by. So," he added, scrutinizing her with an expression of well-affected contempt, "you love this English stripling; you seem to think that a solemn obligation can be undone by a word of love whispered into a woman's ear. This soul your's, forsooth—by virtue of what? A passing fancy, like the rest, is youth, blowing hot to-day, cold to-morrow. Hardly of a nature, one would think, to flatter a woman like yourself."

He added, with a little laugh full of dreadful meaning: "Love him in Heaven's name! Let him adore you if he will. But the life you speak of so confidently is no longer his to bestow."

Driven to use the same weapon she had used—frank, unsparing outspokenness—he continued: "The words shame, misery, were on your lips just now. Suppose this recantation effected, whose portion could these be, your lover's or your own? Too late you would discover your error. I called you a bold woman just now. However easily you may set at defiance the mandates of the Church, I can not imagine you callous to worldly repute. A French woman, a lady of good family, a widow, from reasons of sentiment or coquetry possessing herself of a wedding ring at the price of a boy's conscience, is hardly a spectacle you can contemplate with equanimity. And when the moment of retribution comes—as come it must—when your youthful husband taunts you with the intrigue which made him yours, what argument can you use in self-defense? Where will you seek comfort?"

Jeannie sat like one turned to stone. She had prepared herself for words as hard; they hurt none the less when they came.

This man's withering scorn seemed to scathe her very soul. Nothing he could say would shake her from her purpose or convict her of wrong-doing, but the torture of the pillory was felt all the same.

"You seem to trust Millison Methold's love," the priest went on, pursuing his advantage. "Yet you dare not let him come forward. You tremble lest a third time his fickle mind should waver. And you speak as if affection and happiness were possible with a coward. Since you condescend to act such a part, I have no more to say. I did not come hither to drag out a hidden lurker from ladies' closets." He rose to go, but lingered for a last word. Sheer misery would bring this proud woman to her knees yet. There would be a sudden bending of the will, a swift veering round to submission and the good opinion of the world. No woman, least of all a French woman, could brazen out such infamy.

But Jeannie, though pale and shaken in every nerve, was not resistless. All the loyalty and steadfastness of her nature now spoke out on her own and her lover's behalf. The priest might mentally lay her on the rack; he could not wring from her lips the words that should forswear herself. And she was dimly beginning to realize that not only her own cause was she here called now to plead, but that of all true lovers, all women, if worthy the name.

"Love makes men and women brave, not cowards," she cried. "Love has made Millison Methold incur the charge of poltroonery for my sake. And for his"—she got out with a beautiful glow and almost tearful vehemence in her sweet voice—"and for his I can bear to be called something worse than cowardly still, being innocent in the sight of God."

She stood august in her righteous indignation. The woman's last word was spoken. The hardly fought contest over a human soul was ended, and victory lay with her and the truth. For the priest nothing remained but a cold leave-taking and a secret hope of victory and reprisals in the future.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1499.

THE ADVENT MISSION OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

By REV. DR. HENRY Y. SATTERLEE.

Few things in the religious life of this country during the last twenty-five years have attracted more interest than the mission services to be conducted by the Protestant Episcopal Church of the diocese of New York. Over twenty of the prominent churches in this city will hold from three to six services daily, beginning on Sunday the 29th of this month, and continuing from ten to sixteen days. And this interest is not confined to New York, nor is it restricted to the Episcopal Church, but other dioceses and denominations of nearly every religious creed are watching with interest this somewhat radical movement undertaken in the largest and busiest city of the land, and by this old and conservative Church.

It is natural to ask why it is that the Episcopal Church enters into a work so opposite to its old formulated customs and worship. Many people look upon the mission with distrust and suspicion. Some say that it partakes too much of the Roman Catholic practice; others, that it is too much on the Methodist revival order; while still others object that it is an adoption of English methods and of customs which are foreign to American life. But a glance at the history of the Church will furnish undoubted proof that such mission work is not confined to any one age or body of Christians, but is as old as Christianity itself, and the spread and growth of the Church of England have been largely due to the great missionary efforts in every age of her history. The Episcopal Church can claim notable precedents for the work on which she has so zealously entered. Although it may be a new departure on the part of the American branch of the Church, it is by no means an experiment to the mother Church. The first parochial mission in the city of London took place in 1869. At that time there existed in the minds of the English Churchmen as much doubt and suspicion in regard to such a movement as now exists among American Churchmen. Seventy churches took part in that first mission. The success of such an experiment and the blessings which followed those services were of such a character that it received the cordial approval of the three bishops in whose dioceses the city of London was at that time situated—the Bishops of London, Winchester, and Rochester. The second mission in that city was held five years later, and five years after that the third mission was held. Last winter, surrounded with unmistakable proofs of divine favor, another mission was held, in over three hundred churches of that great city.

For the past ten years a few clergymen of the

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF GALVESTON, SHOWING THE BURNT DISTRICT.

THE GALVESTON FIRE.

The great fire that swept the buildings from forty blocks in the city of Galveston, Texas, on November 13, originated in the Vulcan Foundry, on Avenue A, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets, and the flames were first seen a few minutes before two o'clock in the morning. The wind was high, and in a short time it was blowing at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Before the firemen could get at work the fire had crossed the avenue, and was making its way through a block of dwelling-houses built of Texas pine. Its progress could not be checked. In half an hour it had cleared two blocks. Until four o'clock its path was to the southward. From that time the flames worked to the eastward and westward as well as to the southward. At eight o'clock they had reached Avenue O, only two blocks from the Gulf, and when at last, two hours later, they yielded to the firemen, the smoking ruins covered one hundred acres. The burned district is sixteen blocks deep, and its average width is three blocks. It almost crosses the city from north to south.

This district was covered with dwelling-houses. The business part of the city was spared. Many of the houses that were burned had been occupied by persons of small means, but after reaching Avenue E the track of the flames lay through the homes of the rich, and a hundred elegantly furnished mansions have been blotted out. The value of the property destroyed was about $2,000,000, upon which there was insurance amounting to a little more than $1,000,000. Fortunately no lives were lost, but about 5000 persons are homeless, and it is said that 4000 of these are destitute. The blow falls heavily upon Galveston, whose leading industries had already suffered severely from the great strike.

diocese of New York have been anxious to hold such religious services, but for several reasons were unable to put their plans into practical shape. But in May, 1883, the subject was openly discussed at a meeting of the Churchmen's Club in this city. About seventy members were present, and nearly all were in favor of entering into the work. A committee was appointed to wait upon the bishop of the diocese to acquaint him of the action of his clergy. Such an interview was held in November of that year, and the Right Rev. Henry C. Potter gave his full approval and sympathy to the mission. He appointed a committee of clergymen to make preparations for such services, and in making these appointments he was particularly careful to have every shade of Churchmanship represented. Rectors of churches who thoroughly believe in and who practice an extreme ritual in their church services were made equally prominent on this committee with the lowest and most Evangelical Churchman in his diocese. The Broad-Churchman and the old conservative Churchman entered into the spirit of their labors with all the zeal of old crusaders.

This committee has met every month during the past two years to discuss and prepare the many and varied details of the responsible work before them, and it is to the great credit of the Episcopal Church that although its members were representatives of all the various schools of thought in the Church, yet, when the great question as to how the spiritual life of their parishes could be quickened, they were a unit among themselves, and not one word of disagreement has ever taken place to mar the harmony of all their deliberations.

The chief object of this parochial mission is to bring home to human hearts a realization of the presence of God, and to promote a warmer and more united religious feeling and faith, and it is hoped that large numbers of non-church-goers will be drawn to their services, and thus become interested in the Christian life and work. It is not merely the work and services before and during the mission that occupy the attention of the parish clergy, but the greater and more important feature of the mission will be what may be called the "after-work." It is intended that an individual and personal interest be taken in those who come as strangers to these services, and who evince a desire to become identified with the parish church.

The churches where the mission is to be held are: Calvary Church, Calvary Chapel, Church of the Incarnation, Church of the Heavenly Rest, St. George's, Zion, Holy Trinity, Holy Trinity (Harlem), Church of the Holy Communion, Church of the Reconciliation, St. John the Evangelist, St. Mary the Virgin, Church of the Redeemer, St. Michael, Church of the Holy Spirit, Church of the Epiphany, St. Philip's, St. Mark's, and Memorial Chapel, besides services for business men in old Trinity Church. The three prominent English missionaries are the Rev. W. Hay Aitken, of London, the Rev. Dr. Ransford, and the Rev. Francis Pigou, vicar of Halifax, Yorkshire, England. The prominent American clergymen who will take charge of the missions are Bishops Elliott, of Western Texas, Bishop Tuttle, of Utah, the Rev. Dr. Courtney and the Rev. C. C. Grafton, of Boston, Rev. Mr. Betts, the Rev. Dr. Glazebrook, of Virginia, Dr. Campbell Fair, of Baltimore, the Rev. Dean Hart, of Denver, Fathers Maturin and Field, of Philadelphia. The Rev. Dr. Newton, of Philadelphia, will conduct the children's services at St. Mark's Chapel. Each of the churches where the mission is to be held has a printed programme announcing the subjects of the addresses, meditations, and sermons, and also the hours when its services will be held.

TWO THANKSGIVINGS—1789, 1885.

Washington proclaimed the first national Thanksgiving in 1789. We may be sure that it was the sincere utterance of his generous and grateful heart. He at least was honest in the sight of God and man. And when he surveyed the wonderful victory of freedom in the New World, the newly formed nation, its active, aspiring people, he was transported with gratitude. How fearful had been the struggle of the Revolution, the doubts that followed its success, the bleeding, impoverished country, the apparently divided people, the intrigues of the enemy, the dissension of sections, the hints of conspiracy and rebellion! And now all seemed peace. Commerce had sprung up in a moment, and New York was already the centre of a great trade; cities were planned in the wilderness; States were being founded in the West. Industry had succeeded the horrors of warfare, and Washington set the example at Mount Vernon of frugality, labor, and agricultural success.

But to us who review the first Thanksgiving there is a less hopeful side to the picture. In the light of advancing knowledge we almost wonder that the country survives. We see at a glance all its perils. Intense sectional differences prevailed. Kentucky had planned a separate government; Pennsylvania was half rebellious; western Massachusetts was only imperfectly subdued. The English held the forts on the northern frontier, and claimed their debts; at any moment they might unite with the malcontents and send their fleets and armies against the tottering state. The government was overwhelmed with debt. The army, disbanded, murmured and starved. France was watching us, hoping to profit from the misfortunes of the English race. The savages peopled the West; a line of fire might at any moment blaze along the frontier, and cover with dismay the new settlements in the wilderness.

Nearly a hundred years have passed, and once again we meet to celebrate the national thanksgiving. The retrospect is at least encouraging. From ocean to ocean spreads the active republic, covered with glittering lines of railways, sown thick with towns and cities, linked by the bonds of a common education, and rising year by year in the path of knowledge. Science has made men capable of self-government. Its miracles, that would have astounded our ancestors, are being daily surpassed by miracles still more wonderful. The senses are enlarged and made almost limitless; the voice, the eye, the ear, even the touch, have been taught almost to girdle the earth and dissect the stars. Life is made more comfortable by a thousand inventions. The homes of labor are supplied with conveniences that a hundred years ago were never hoped for. The city is provided with a flow of water; the streets are no longer perpetual sources of disease; the fever is driven from our midst by a stricter quarantine. Possibly a higher standard of morals has been reached by our politicians than could have been looked for in the beginning of the century; we have passed the days of Burr or Tweed.

Yet to our successors in the next century we shall seem perhaps as faulty as our ancestors seem to us. "What," exclaimed Cicero, "will men be saying of us six hundred years from now?" It is difficult to reply. They will point out many a defect, many a weakness promising a speedy decay. But for us we will give thanks with Washington that the fair prospect still opens for freedom, that knowledge is advancing, science powerful, the higher elements of man's nature slowly unfolding; that our country is still the favored home of labor and of educated thought.

Eugene Lawrence.

THE WAR IN THE BALKANS.

In the Weekly for October 31 we described the uprising in Eastern Roumelia which had resulted in a union with Bulgaria under Prince Alexander. Turkey, as will be remembered, prepared to break up this union, though both provinces still acknowledged her suzerainty. Servia and Greece also armed to break it up, on the ground that a powerful Bulgaria would overshadow them in the peninsula, and that if the Berlin Treaty were to be set aside, they ought to be compensated in territory, since that treaty had not done justly by them. To settle the dispute a conference of ambassadors was called at Constantinople, which made way for a formal conference of representatives of the great powers.

That was the first stage in the Balkan struggle; now we have to record the second. While the Constantinople conference was still deliberating, King Milan of Servia, whose troops had been massed on the Bulgarian border, suddenly crossed it on the 14th of November near Tsaribrod, and simultaneously issued a declaration of war. The immediate excuse for this step was an alleged attack upon his outposts by those of the forces which Prince Alexander had hurriedly summoned to defend his frontier. Be this as it may, King Milan had determined to seize the formerly claimed strip of territory on the west of Bulgaria which the Berlin Treaty, now broken by Bulgaria, had refused to award to Servia. Doubtless he hoped that the conference would confirm a conquest effected by the sword.

The Servians at once began their campaign upon two lines, one directed against Widdin, in the northwest corner of Bulgaria, and the other against Sophia, her capital, in the southwest. The Widdin column operated on the Timok River, and after hard fighting at Kiela, in which Colonel Djuknitch carried the Bulgarian works, General Leshjanin gained a brilliant victory near Widdin. Meanwhile the main Servian army crossed the frontier in three divisions. At Trn, west of Sophia, it encountered Prince Alexander's troops in force, and a series of bloody engagements there and at Raptcha enabled the Servians to turn the difficult mountain gorge called Dragoman Pass, through which runs the road to the capital. The Bulgarians fell back to Slivnitza, where Prince Alexander, taking command in person, and bringing up his reserves, delivered a series of desperate and successful attacks on the Servians as they were closing upon him by different roads.

As we write, Servia and Bulgaria are still in this deadly grapple, while Greece watches the Macedonian frontier. Prince Alexander has the more men at command, but King Milan the better organized army. The former has appealed to the Sultan for help against the common invader, but thus far in vain.

THE PESTILENCE IN MONTREAL.

There has been nothing in connection with the ravages of the small-pox in Montreal more pitiful or deplorable than the ignorance of the French residents of that city concerning the true character of the awful disease, and the exhibition on their part of a blind unreasoning prejudice against those means of preventing and exterminating the disease which are furnished by science through vaccination and isolation. Since the beginning of the epidemic the authorities have been hampered and baffled in their attempts to stop its ravages by an organized resistance from the French Canadians.

In this issue is published a truthful picture of a scene which seems almost incredible as having occurred on this continent in these enlightened days. The children of Élie Gagnon, living in a rickety tenement-house at No. 19 Rolland Lane, had been taken ill with the small-pox, and a health-officer had been sent to the dwelling. For three days Gagnon, half crazed by the suffering of his poor children, and through his wild fear of the detested health officials, kept the officers of the law at bay, successfully guarding his scourge-stricken residence from all intruders. Finally, however, it was determined that he should be dislodged, and his children removed to the hospital. At one o'clock in the afternoon twenty members of the city police force, under the Assistant Chief of Police, and accompanied by the Mayor of the city in person, approached the tenement in Rolland Lane. Policemen were stationed at each end of the block to keep back the crowd. There was a desperate struggle, followed by an interchange of shots, which, however, fortunately failed to take effect. The officers of the law finally succeeded in overpowering Gagnon and his son, and the children were taken away in a van to the hospital.

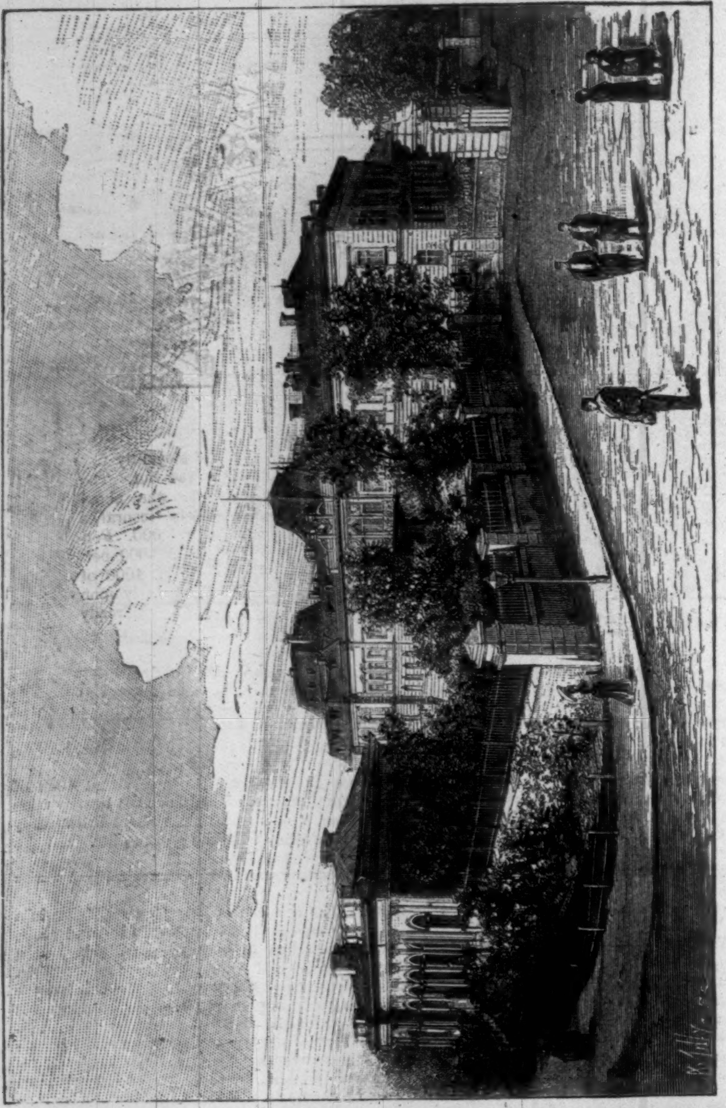
BALK-LINE BILLIARDS.

Maurice Vignaux, Jacob Schaefer, and George F. Slosson, who competed in the fourteen-inch balk-line tournament at Chicago last week, are without doubt the most skillful players that ever lived of the three-ball carom game of billiards; which of the three is the most skillful is a matter of dispute. Each has at different times beaten the other two.

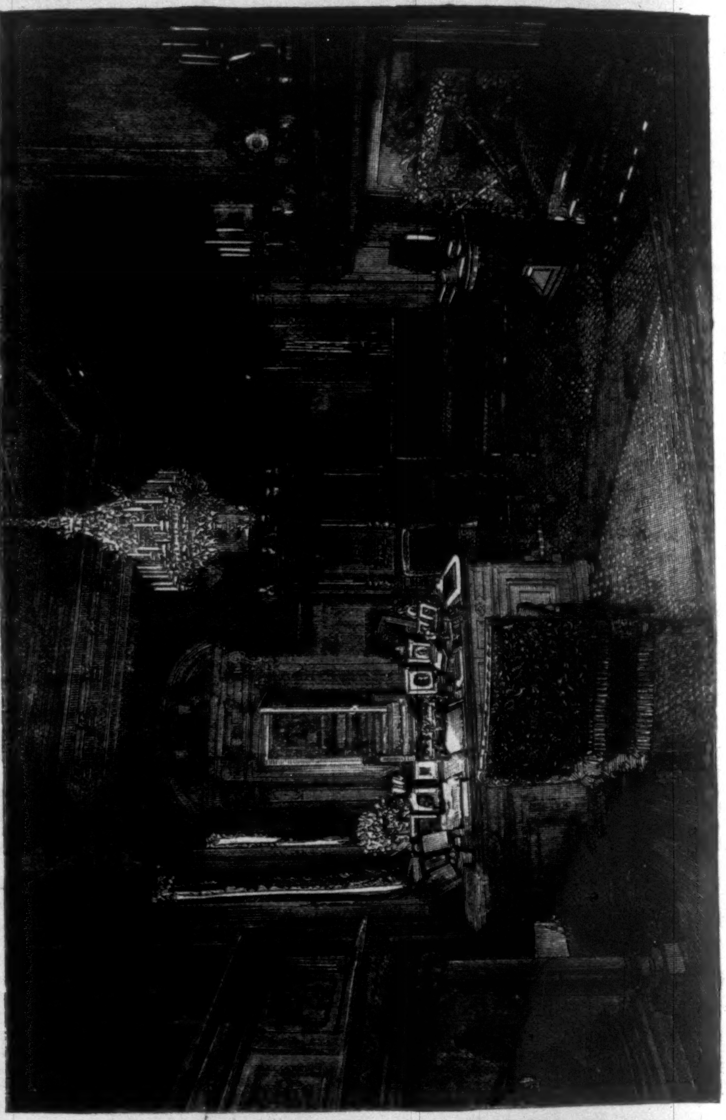
At the full game of billiards the superiority of these players to all other professionals was manifest some years since. It was attributed to their proficiency in "rail nursing," which requires a marvellously sure and delicate touch, and a marvellously exact judgment of force. The "balk-line game," in which chalk lines are drawn parallel with the ends and sides of the table, dividing its surface into nine compartments, and the number of consecutive shots in each compartment is limited to two, was devised in order to restrict rail nursing, and to give an equal chance to players less proficient than these three in this specialty. The game of "cushion caroms," in which the cue ball must strike a cushion before hitting the second object ball, was devised for the same purpose. This latter device was successful. Either Sexton or Daly plays cushion caroms quite as well as either of the three players already mentioned, and Sexton, we believe, is at present the champion at this style of play, although Daly won the first prize in the cushion-carom tournament of May, 1883, in which Schaefer and Vignaux competed, but not Slosson.

A previous balk-line tournament, comprising all the famous players except Slosson, had been won by Schaefer, with Vignaux second. The balk-line game, in fact, was so far from accomplishing its purpose of equalizing the strength of players that the three who played in Chicago last week were as clearly superior to others at this game as at "straight billiards." For this tournament the balk line has been placed at fourteen inches from each cushion, thus making the game far more difficult than the former games of an eight-inch balk line, and making a run of one hundred a surprising feat, which only these three players are likely often to achieve.

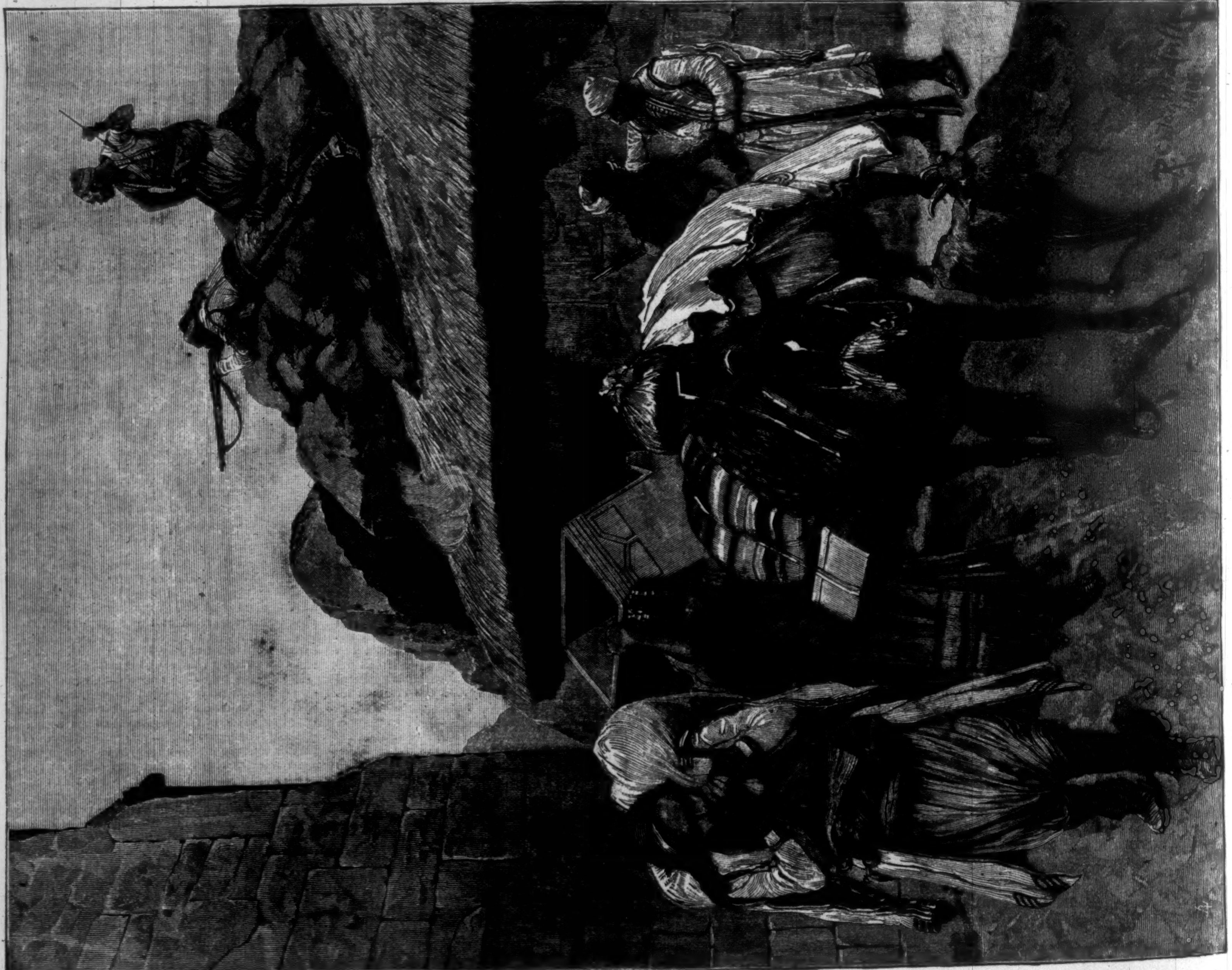
The illustrations show Schaefer and Vignaux at their "favorite shots," Schaefer about to execute one of the massé shots, in which he is probably superior to any other player, and Vignaux in act to play at one of the "three-cushion draws," which he makes with wonderful confidence and precision, and on which he largely depends in his play for position.



PRINCE ALEXANDER'S PALACE AT SOPHIA.

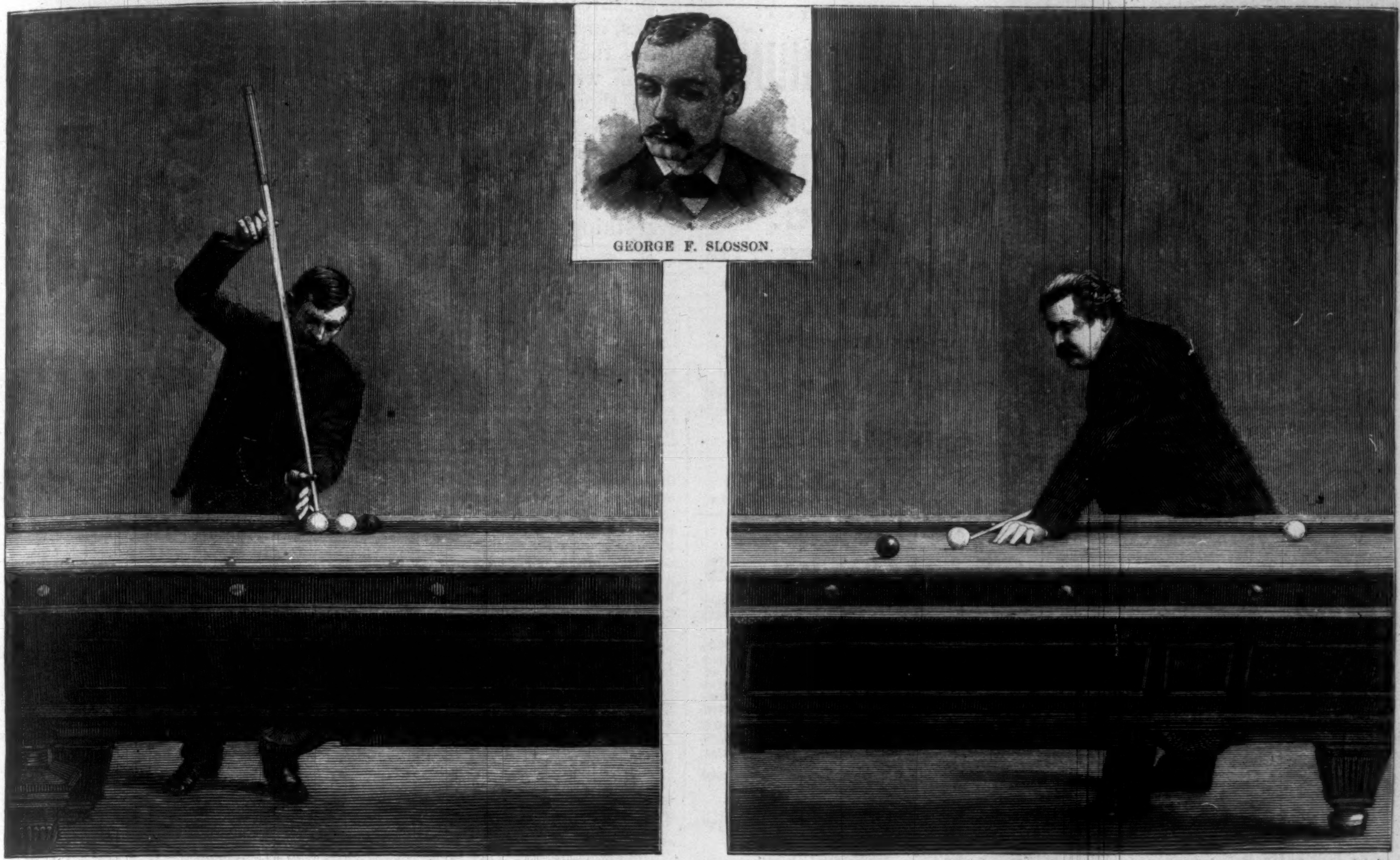


PRINCE ALEXANDER'S STUDY.



TURKS LEAVING THEIR HOMES.

THE WAR IN THE BALKANS.—[See Page 779.]



GEORGE F. SLOSSON.

JACOB SCHAEFER. MAURICE VIGNAUX.

THE BILLIARD TOURNAMENT AT CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 15-21.—Photographed by T. Markley & Son, Chicago.—[See Page 779.]

AN INCIDENT OF THE SMALL-POX EPIDEMIC IN MONTREAL.—Drawn by Robert Harris.—[See Page 779.]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

VALUABLE MEDICINE.

Dr. W. H. Parmelee, Toledo, O., says: "I have prescribed the 'acid' in a large variety of diseases, and have been amply satisfied that it is a valuable addition to our list of medicinal agents."—[*Adv.*]

"DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS."

If you are pale, emaciated, have a hacking cough, with night-sweats, spitting of blood and shortness of breath, you have no time to lose. Do not hesitate too long—'till you are past cure; for, taken in its early stages, consumption can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," as thousands can testify. By druggists.—[*Adv.*]

DANDRUFF

Is removed by the use of Cocoaine, and it stimulates and promotes the growth of the hair. Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best.—[*Adv.*]

It is hard to believe all that you read, but the claim of the Boston and Albany R. R., that their cars are unequalled for comfort and promptness, is sustained by the testimony of travellers.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Dyspepsia

or Indigestion is the stomach's protest against unsuitable food, the excessive use of alcohol or tobacco, hasty eating and drinking, and all irrational habits of living; and Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the stomach's best friend, relieving it of distress, and aiding its return to healthful action. C. Canterbury, 141 Franklin st., Boston, Mass., a confirmed dyspeptic, was

Cured By

the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He says: "I suffered severely from Dyspepsia for several years. I consulted five or six physicians, who gave me no relief. At last I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla., and by its use I am entirely cured." O. T. Adams, Spencer, O., says: "I have for years suffered acutely from Dyspepsia, scarcely taking a meal, until within the last four months, without enduring the most distressing pains of indigestion.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

has restored me to perfect health."

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Sold by all Druggists.

Price $1; six bottles, $5.

ANGLO-SWISS MILK FOOD

For Children PAST Teething.

Write us for testimonials of the medical profession regarding it.

ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO.

P. O. Box 3773, New-York.

ALBURNINE,

The wonderful preparation, which will give hair of any color the so much admired rich golden auburn tint, without injury to the hair. $2.50 per bottle.

THE COMPLEXION MASK.

By the Parfumerie Monte Christo, of world-wide reputation, cures all blemishes, effaces unsightly wrinkles, and gives the face a fresh and youthful appearance. Endorsed and recommended by the most eminent physicians. Price $2.00, complete. Money refunded if it fails to do the same. L. SHAW, 54 West 14th Street, near Macy's, only depot, New York.

D. Needham's Sons' Red Clover Blossoms and Fluid and Solid extracts of the Blossoms. Best Blood Purifier Known. Cures Cancer, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, &c. Send for Circular. 116 and 118 Dearborn St., Chicago.

AGENTS FOR WHO WISH MEMOIRS OF U. S. GRANT to secure territory for our SOLDIER'S RECORD, which sells quickly to every old soldier, or friend of a soldier, and realize Quick Cash, should apply at once. Good agents wanted D. R. NIVER, Albany, N.Y.

R. MOSER,

932 Broadway,

NEAR 22d STREET.

GLASS AND CHINA.

OWN FACTORY,

CARLSBAD, BOHEMIA.

OPENING.

THE LARGEST AND FINEST DISPLAY OF GLASS AND CHINA IN AMERICA.

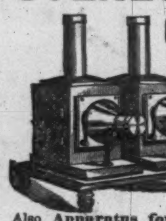
SOLE MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER

Of the New Carlsbad Jewel Ware,

FACTORY PRICES,

R. MOSER.

TELESCOPES STEREOPTICONS AND



OPTICAL LANTERNS WITH VIEWS

Colored and uncolored, illustrating all lands and every branch of Natural History, Physical Science, Temperance Lectures, Bible Studies, Comic and Amusing Anecdotes and Fairy Tales.

Also Apparatus for showing Chemical and Philosophical Experiments and Animal Life on the screen.

THE LARGEST & BEST STOCK IN THE WORLD.

QUEEN & CO.

Manufacturing Opticians. PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Priced and Illustrated Catalogue of 120 pages sent on application.

CLARKE'S PATENT PYRAMID NIGHT LIGHTS FOR BURNING IN HIS PYRAMID NIGHT LAMPS AND PYRAMID NURSERY LAMPS.

S. CLARKE, PATENTEE, LON: ENG AND EXCHANGE ALLEY, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

SOLD RETAIL AT ALL DRUG STORES.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUILD.

(SEND FOR CIRCULAR.)

A beautifully bound, large quarto album, printed on extra heavy chromo paper. Fifty-nine full-size plates of cottages, villas, churches, &c., with important information on sanitary matters, economical, durable, and effective construction, &c., by Hubert, Pirsson, & Co., originators of the co-operative city and country "Home Club" system, and Architects of the great Central Park or "Navarro" buildings, "The Chelsea," "Hawthorne," "Hubert," "Rembrandt," "Mt. Morris," the 28th Street and 30th Street Apartment Houses, etc. Sent postpaid on receipt of $2.00, Address W. J. HOODLESS, 19 East 28th Street, New York.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

HARPER'S BAZAR CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

We have transferred our WHOLESALE PATTERN DEPARTMENT to Mr. J. G. CROTTY, Nos. 180 to 186 Cherry Street, New York, who will conduct it upon his own account and responsibility.

SPECIAL CAUTION.

We are not interested in nor responsible for any contracts made by J. G. CROTTY & CO., whether for Harper's Bazar Patterns or for any other business.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

ART RECREATIONS A BOOK OF SELF INSTRUCTIVE LESSONS IN PAINTING AND FANCY WORK

EDITED BY MARION KEMBLE

SENT POST PAID FOR $2.00

BY S. W. TILTON & CO BOSTON

To Embroider

CRAZY QUILTS,

Get Brainerd & Armstrong's factory ends, called Waste Embroidery. 40 cts. will buy one ounce, which would cost One Dollar in Skeins. All good silk and beautiful colors. Designs for 100 styles of Crazy Stitches enclosed in each package. Send 40 cts. in stamps or postal note to THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO., 621 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

$6 to $8 a Day selling the NICKEL Tidy Holder. Best selling article in America. Every family buys them. Sample and Agents Price List by mail, 16cts. in 2-cent Stamps. W. Hasselbach, Lock Box N. 51, Sandusky, O.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

December Book News is full of pictures out of new Holiday books, in addition to the usual list of the books of the previous month, with quick clues to what is in them, and with Wanamaker's prices for them. Send five cents for it. Philadelphia.

Wanamaker's trade reaches all over the U. S. in books as in everything else.

The New York Tribune

Is an Aggressive Republican Paper for the Whole Country and all the People. As an agricultural paper The Weekly Tribune is unexcelled. Try it for one year, and see. The Tribune earnestly advocates a Protective Tariff, and itself pays the highest prices to its own men of any office in New York City. The Weekly and Semi-Weekly Tribune will print during 1886 about 25 War Stories, and it offers prizes of $250 and $100 in cash for the best stories. Send for circular or sample copy explaining in full. Agents are wanted in every town where The Tribune has none already. The Weekly, $1.00 a year, in clubs; Semi-Weekly, $2.00, in clubs.

UNMOUNTED PHOTOGRAPHS

Of Ancient and Modern Works of Art, embracing reproductions of famous original paintings, sculpture, architecture, &c. Price, cabinet size, $1.50 per doz.; larger sizes in proportion. Send 10 cents stamps for catalogue and supplement of 7000 subjects. Soule Photograph Co., Publishers, 338 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Mention *Harper's Weekly.*

FOR ONE DOLLAR

Is offered a three months' trial subscription to the Art Interchange, an illustrated art fortnightly, 20 to 30 p.p., with full size working outline designs in every number, and THIRTEEN large COLORED PLATES a year. Beginning Nov. 8th, this will include Three beautiful Colored Studies, viz.: An Autumn Landscape, by Bruce Crane (size 13x11 in.), an exquisite Fan Design of Wild Roses (size 23 1-2x11 1-2 in.), Buds, Leaves and Stems, for silk painting; also can be adapted for Dress Front or Wall Banner, and a lovely suggestion for Valentine or Hand Screen of sleeping Cupids. In addition there will be six large supplements of designs in black and white (full size) for painting and embroidery, besides over 100 pages of designs and text, giving careful instruction in ARTISTIC HOUSE-FURNISHING, PAINTING, EMBROIDERY and all other kinds of ART WORK, besides practical hints in the ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS. One year, $3.00; six months, $1.65. Sample Copy, with full page Colored Study (Marine view, 11x18), and catalogue sent for Twenty Cents.

WILLIAM WHITLOCK, 37 & 39 West 22d St., N. Y.

Mention this paper.

SEND ONE DOLLAR TO

THOMAS R. KNOX & CO.,

813 Broadway, N. Y.,

And get, by return of mail, a beautifully bound copy in cloth, gilt edges, of

PECULIAR POEMS!!

By Colonel JOHN A. JOYCE.

THREE ART MAGAZINES FOR $5.00.

ART AGE $2, monthly, with Forbes Photogravure supplements.
ART INTERCHANGE $3, fortnightly, 13 colored plates a year.
ART & DECORATION $2.50, monthly, over 40 designs an issue.
We offer these three papers for the extraordinarily low price of $5.00. (1/3 saved.) SAMPLE COPIES of the three for 50c.; or any one, 20c. Full particulars in catalogue for 2c. In this club of art journals subscribers get, by actual count, over 1500 drawings, working patterns, designs for painting, embroidery, &c., art motives, colored studies and Forbes photogravures; over 1200 reading columns, answers to questions, practical suggestions, criticism, technical information and news. (Mention this advertisement.) Turnure & Gilliss Brothers, Pub's: ART AGE, 75 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

LEARN HOW TO BE A BUSINESS MAN.

Ten Cents. 12 Tribune Building, N. Y.

THE DETROIT WEEKLY FREE PRESS

Four Months on trial for Twenty-Five Cents.

Send for sample copy, with full particulars.

Address *The Free Press*, Detroit, Mich.

EAGLE No 2 1/2

ROUND & HEXAGON GOLD

PENCILS.

PATENTED

THE BEST PENCIL FOR FREE-HAND DRAWING, SCHOOL, MERCANTILE, AND GENERAL USES.

Our Fine Arts—the most perfect Pencil made—graded 6B to 6H. 15 degrees. Colored Crayons, over 50 different colors. Chalk Crayons. Slate Pencils in wood. Penholders in all styles.

If your stationer has not got them in stock, send stamps for samples. EAGLE PENCIL CO., N. Y.

Mention this Paper.

TIMKEN SPRING VEHICLES.

OVER 400,000 IN USE.

Easiest Riding Vehicle made. Rides as easy with one person as two. The Springs lengthen and shorten according to the weight they carry. Equally well adapted to rough country roads and fine drives of cities. Manufactured and sold by all leading Carriage Builders and Dealers.

OPTICAL GOODS

PRENTICE & SON Mf'g Opticians, 178 B'way, N.Y. Catalogue Free.

Microscopes, Telescopes, Opera Glasses, Spectacles, Magic Lanterns, etc., also Barometers, Thermometers, Compasses, Batteries, Drawing, Dairy and other *Scientific instruments.*

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

NOTABLE NEW BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS.

I.

THE LAND AND THE BOOK. By William M. Thomson, D.D., Forty-five Years a Missionary in Syria and Palestine. Volume III. Lebanon, Damascus, and Beyond Jordan, completing "The Land and the Book." 147 Illustrations and Maps. pp. xxxiv., 712. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $6.00; Sheep, $7.00; Half Morocco, $8.50; Full Morocco, Gilt Edges, $10.00 per Volume.

Uniform in size of page and price with Vol. III.:

Volume I. Southern Palestine and Jerusalem. (140 Illustrations and Maps.)

Volume II. Central Palestine and Phœnicia. (130 Illustrations and Maps.)

The Volumes sold separately.

II.

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE" for 1885. Vol. VI. With about 700 Illustrations. pp. viii., 832. 4to, Ornamental Cloth, $3.50. Vols. II., III., IV., and V., $3.50 each. Vol. I. *out of print.*

III.

A LARGER HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA to the Close of President Jackson's Administration. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Author of "Young Folks' History of the United States," &c. Illustrated by Maps, Plans, Portraits, and other Engravings. pp. xii., 470. 8vo, Cloth, $3.50.

IV.

STRANGE STORIES FROM HISTORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By George Cary Eggleston, Author of "Red Eagle," &c. Illustrated. pp. 244. Square 16mo, Cloth, $1.00. (In "Harper's Young People Series.")

V.

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE. Being the Story of the Fourth Crusade. By Edwin Pears, LL.B. pp. xvi., 422. 8vo, Cloth, $2.50.

VI.

DODWORTH'S DANCING. Dancing, and Its Relations to Education and Social Life. With a New Method of Instruction, including a Complete Guide to the Cotillion (German), with 250 Figures. By Allen Dodworth. Illustrated. pp. vi., 278. 12mo, Leather Back and Ornamental Sides, $1.50.

HARPER'S HANDY SERIES.

LATEST ISSUES:

		CTS.
37.	THE WANDERINGS OF ULYSSES. By Professor C. Witt. With Two Illustrations.	25
36.	GOBLIN GOLD. By May Crommelin	25
35.	IN QUARTERS WITH THE 25TH (THE BLACK HORSE) DRAGOONS. By J. S. Winter.	25
34.	MUSICAL HISTORY. By G. A. Macfarren	25
33.	PRIMUS IN INDIS. By M. J. Colquhoun	25
32.	THE SACRED NUGGET. By B. L. Farjeon.	25
31.	THE ROYAL MAIL: Its Curiosities and Romance. By James Wilson Hyde. Illustrated.	25
30.	THE GHOST'S TOUCH, and Other Stories. By Wilkie Collins	25
29.	THE DARK HOUSE. By G. Manville Fenn.	25
28.	MALTHUS AND HIS WORK. By James Bonar, M.A.	25
27.	SELF-DOOMED. By B. L. Farjeon	25
26.	HOUP-LA. By John Strange Winter. Ill'd	25

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

LATEST ISSUES.

		CTS.
499.	The Mistletoe Bough, Christmas, 1885. Edited by M. E. Braddon. With One Illustration	20
498.	What's His Offence. By the Author of "The Two Miss Flemings"	20
497.	The Unforeseen. By Alice O'Hanlon	20
496.	White Heather. By William Black	20
495.	My Wife's Niece. By the Author of "Dr. Edith Romney"	20
494.	Babylon. By Cecil Power	20
493.	Mrs. Hollyer. A Novel. By G. M. Craik	20
492.	A Strange Voyage. By W. Clark Russell	20
491.	The Courting of Mary Smith. By F. W. Robinson	20
490.	In Sunny Lands. By William Drysdale. Illustrated	25
489.	Adam Bede. By George Eliot. Illustrated	25

The above works sent, carriage paid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of price.

Harper's Catalogue *sent on receipt of ten cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

HOLIDAY & WEDDING PRESENTS. KLEEMANN'S STUDENT AND OTHER FINE LAMPS. ARTISTIC POTTERY, CLOCKS, GLASS, CHINA, BRONZES. TOYS, DOLLS, NOVELTIES FROM ALL COUNTRIES. MECHANICAL AND MUSICAL GAMES, BOXES AND FIGURES.

C. F. A. HINRICHS, 29 31 & 33 PARK PLACE N.Y.

SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE.

DEAFNESS its CAUSES and CURE, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists of the day with no benefit. *Cured himself* in three months, and since then hundreds of others by same process. A plain, simple and successful home treatment. Address T. S. PAGE, 128 East 26th St., New York City.

PLAYS, Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, etc., for School, Club, and Parlor. Best out. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Chicago, Ill.

ADVERTISERS can learn the cost of any proposed line of Advertising at Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., N. Y. Send 10 cents for a 100-page pamphlet.

A PRACTICAL MAKE-BELIEVE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

The President. "As we make believe this is a hundred-cent dollar, let us make believe this is a real Turkey, and we'll have a hearty feast for all."

WHAT'S TO HINDER?

After the streets have all been appropriated.

RIDLEY'S

37th Annual Greeting!

The advent of the Holiday Season which immediately precedes the death of the Old Year is suggestive of presents, and what to give is a most perplexing question.

For the benefit of those who want to be relieved of this anxiety we have just issued a

HOLIDAY EDITION

Of our FASHION MAGAZINE, which contains an

Aggregation of Novelties

Seldom found under one roof. The Magazine contains profuse Illustrations of all the goods to be found in each of our 52 departments, with the lowest New York prices, and comprise in part SUBSTANTIAL DRY GOODS, MILLINERY GOODS, FANCY GOODS, TOYS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, and a choice selection of original literary matter, and will be mailed to any address on receipt of **15 cents**, or 50 cents per annum.

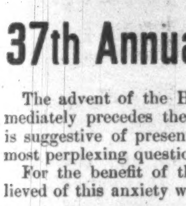
OUR ENLARGED ORDER DEPARTMENT,

With its superior facilities for the transmission of goods, enables out-of-town buyers to enjoy the same advantages in shopping as city dwellers.

EDWARD RIDLEY & SONS,

309, 311, 311½ to 321 Grand Street;

56 to 70 Allen St.; 59 to 65 Orchard St., N.Y.



HUMILIATING ERUPTIONS ITCHING AND BURNING TORTURES

AND EVERY SPECIES of Itching, Scaly, Pimply, Inherited, Scrofulous, and Contagious Diseases of the Blood, Skin, and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, from infancy to old age, are positively cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and removes the *cause*.

Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Sores, and restores the Hair.

Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

Sold everywhere. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Resolvent, $1; Soap, 25 cents. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Rheumatic, Neuralgic, Sciatic, Sudden, Sharp and Nervous Pains, instantly relieved by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 25c.

THE BEST **MUSIC BOXES** Are made and imported by H. GAUTSCHI & SONS, 1030 Chestnut St. Phila.
☞ LOOK FOR OUR TRADE MARK BEFORE PURCHASING.

Arnold Constable & Co

NOUVEAUTES DE PARIS.

In all Wool and Silk and Wool effects in Novelty Dress Fabrics. Select styles in Handsomely Embroidered Robes for Street or Evening Wear. Special importation of Rich Silk, Plush, and Velvet Fronts, Sashes, etc.

Broadway & 19th st.

AGENTS WANTED, Ladies or gentlemen, to canvass for a specialty. Adapted for the **Holidays.** Nothing in the market like it. For special prices and territory, address **CURRIER & JONES,** Mention this paper. **Newark, N. J.**

CHRISTMAS CHIMES
GRAND CHRISTMAS OPENING OF TOYS AND HOLIDAY PRESENTS
F. A. O. SCHWARZ
42 EAST 14TH STREET.
UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

TO ALL LOVERS

of the PURE and GOOD, this soap recommends itself. For the TOILET without an equal, for SHAVING a great luxury. In pound bars, also in packages of 6 Round or Square Cakes. Ask your druggists for it, or send 2c. stamp for trial sample.

IT WILL DELIGHT YOU.

100 New Fancy Scrap Pictures, large Horse's Head, Kittens, Dogs, Girls, Mottoes, &c., and 4 (no 2 alike) large Christmas Cards, 10c. BOOK CO., Nassau, N. Y.

JOB LOT GUNS.

We decide to close out before Jan 1. our whole stock of Breech Loaders, made by Colt, Parker, Webley, and other great makers, at worse than auction prices. We make the following amazing offer:

The Best Single-Barrel Complete Breech Loaders in the World, top lever, $10.00; Less Fine $4.00; Good, honest Double Breech Loaders $11.00.

Terms C.O.D. When full amount cash comes with the order, a complete set of reloading tools furnished free of charge.

Good pocket plated revolvers for home defence—cash with the order—small, **$1.00;** medium, **$2.00;** celebrated Bull-Dog, **$3.00.** Send stamp to insure answer and Catalogue. Remit by P. O. Order, Registered Letter, or N. Y. Draft. P. O. Box 1114.

H. & D. FOLSOM, 15 Murray Street, New York.

1842. A PROCLAMATION. 1886.

Know Ye! Know Ye! All men, women, and children, that the great staff of editors, who, headed by Dr. George Thurber, have kept the *American Agriculturist* **at the front** for twenty-five years, are now **re-enforced** by Chester P. Dewey, D. D. T. Moore, and Seth Green. We propose to add to the hundreds of thousands of homes, in which the

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST

is read, and revered from the Atlantic to the Pacific as an old-time friend and counsellor. We are accordingly enlarging the

HEARTH, HOUSEHOLD, AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENTS,

and adding other features, so that it is to be, from this time onward, essentially a **Home Periodical,** as well as being devoted to Agriculture and Horticulture. Every person who **immediately** sends us **$1.50, the subscription price,** and **15 cents** for posting book, making **$1.65 in all,** will receive the **AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST** for 1886, and the **AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST LAW BOOK,** just published, a Compendium of every-day Law for Farmers, Mechanics, Business men, Manufacturers, &c., enabling every one to be his own lawyer. It is a large volume, weighing one pound and a half, and elegantly bound in Cloth and Gold. *The American Agriculturist*

WANTS * THE * EARTH

to yield bigger returns by increasing its great army of readers. We distributed **60,000 Presents** to those who aided in the work last year, and we are planning to give **100,000 Presents** to workers this year. Send for Confidential Terms for workers, when you forward your subscription. Subscription price, $1.50 a year; single numbers, 15 cts.

Send 5 Cents for mailing you grand double number of the American Agriculturist, just out, and sample pages with table of contents of Law Book.

CANVASSERS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Address PUBLISHERS AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, 751 Broadway, New York.

DAVID W. JUDD, Pres't. **SAM'L BURNHAM,** Sec'y.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Finest and cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Annual Sale, 8,000,000 jars.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable tonic. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," &c.

Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. The title "Baron Liebig" and photograph having been largely used by dealers with no connection with Baron Liebig, the public are informed that the Liebig Company alone can offer the article with Baron Liebig's guarantee of genuineness.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by JAMES P. SMITH, PARK & TILFORD, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, THURBER, WHYLAND, & CO., FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

MELLIN'S TRADE MARK **FOOD**

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS. The only perfect substitute for Mother's Milk. The most nourishing diet for invalids and nursing mothers. Keeps in all climates. Commended by physicians. Sold everywhere. Send for our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants." Sent free.

DOLIBER, GOODALE, & CO., Boston, Mass.

★ DIAMONDS. ★

FINE WATCHES. RICH JEWELRY.

BENEDICT BROTHERS,

171 BROADWAY,

COR. CORTLANDT STREET—BENEDICT BUILDING.

Elevated Railroad trains stop at Cortlandt Street.

Ten Minutes from Fourteenth St.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY (One Number a week for 52 weeks)	10 00
HARPER'S HANDY SERIES (One Number a week for 52 weeks)	15 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

Each is pre-eminent in its own department.—*N. Y. World.*

A file of these publications would be a complete library in itself.—*Boston Globe.*

Their value is, indeed, great and permanent; and we commend them anew and more emphatically to the appreciation of the public.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The superb periodicals offer a complete epitome of the year.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

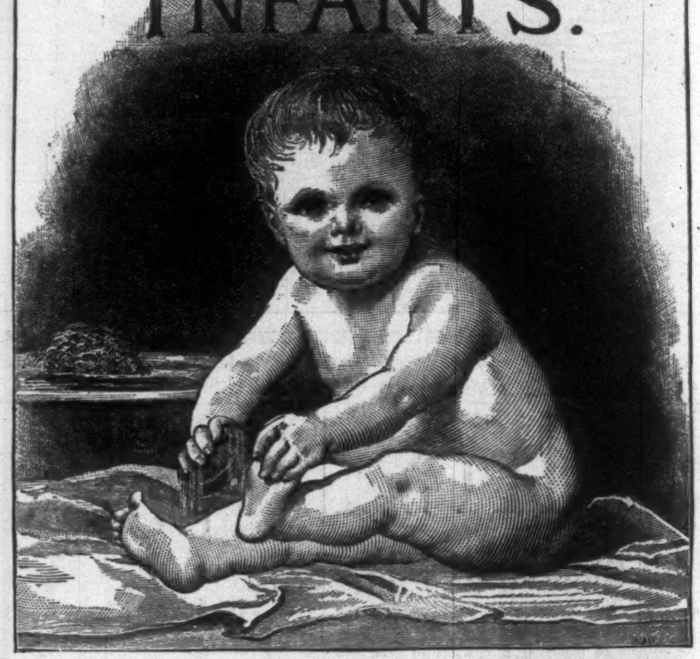
NOTICE.—Messrs. Harper & Brothers *are informed that persons falsely representing themselves to be agents for Harper's Periodicals are soliciting subscriptions therefor at unauthorized rates, giving receipts in the name of* Harper & Brothers.

To prevent the loss of money by such misrepresentations, it is requested that, in purchasing from parties assuming to represent Harper & Brothers, *payment be made by Bank Draft or Post-office Money Order, payable to the order of* Harper & Brothers, *New York.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, of between three and four thousand volumes, mailed on receipt of Ten Cents in Postage-Stamps.

VETERAN SOLDIERS ARE NOT AFRAID OF CIVIL-SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

PEARS' SOAP A SPECIALTY for INFANTS.



PEARS' SOAP *removes the irritability, redness, and blotchy appearance of the skin from which many children suffer. It is unrivalled as a pure, delightful TOILET SOAP, and is for sale throughout the civilized world.*

FURS. FURS.

C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS,
(ESTABLISHED A.D. 1820.)
184 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Seal-skin Sacques, Jackets, Ulsters, Cloaks, and Wraps.
Astrakhan Jackets, Pelerines, Fichus, Muffs, and Trimmings.
Hudson Bay and Imperial Crown Russian Sables.
Fur-lined Wraps, Fur Rugs and Mats, Fur Robes.
Gents' Cloth Coats, Lined and Trimmed Fur.
Novelties in Choice and Rare Furs, Skins, &c.

AT PRICES THAT WILL AMPLY REPAY A VISIT TO OUR WAREROOMS.

Fashion Plate Descriptive Catalogue and Price-list sent on application.

Orders by mail, or information desired, will receive special and prompt attention.

When customers are known to the house, or satisfactory references are furnished, goods will be sent on approval.

PRICE LIST.

DR. SCOTT'S GENUINE ELECTRIC CURATIVE APPLIANCES.

SENT ON TRIAL POSTPAID.

Pall Mall Electric Association,
OF LONDON and NEW YORK.

Our Brushes are Pure Bristles, Not Wires.

Hair Brushes, Cure headache in five minutes,	$3 00
Flesh Brush, Cures Rheumatism and aches,	3 00
Horse Brush, Cures Lameness and Stiffness,	5 00
Tooth Brush, Bristles do not come out,	50
Corsets, Prevent and Cure Sickness, $1 00, 1 50, 2 00,	3 00
Corset, Nursing,	1 50
Corset, Abdominal, 18 to 36 inches,	3 00
Hair Curler, Curls, Bangs and Crimps,	50
Galvanic Generator, Cures Dyspepsia,	50
Nerve and Lung Invigorator, 100 Magnet Power,	10 00
" " " " 50 " "	5 00
Gentlemen's Belt, Adjustable, Full Power,	3 00
Ladies' Abdominal Supporter, " "	12 00
Ladies' Belt, Adjustable, Full Power,	3 00
Sleeping Cap, all sizes, 30 Magnet Power,	3 00
Office Cap (Silk), all sizes, 25 Magnet Power,	3 00
Sciatic Appliance, all sizes,	8 00
Leg Appliance, all sizes,	5 00
Shoulder Appliance, all sizes,	5 00
Knee Cap, all sizes,	5 00
Suspensory, Complete (Fine Silk),	5 00
Chest Protector,	3 00
Anklet, all sizes,	3 00
Wristlet, all sizes,	2 50
Throat Protector, all sizes, Prevents Pneumonia,	3 00
Insoles, per pair, all sizes, Prevent Cold Feet,	50
Teething Necklace, Helps the Little Ones,	50

Either article sent postpaid to any part of the world on receipt of price in Draft, Postal Note or Currency in Registered Letter. State size of appliance wanted.

Address, GEORGE A. SCOTT.
[Mention this Paper.] 842 Broadway, New York.

MAGIC LANTERNS

And **STEREOPTICONS**, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for **PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS**, etc.
☞ *A profitable business for a man with a small capital.* Also, Lanterns for Home Amusement. 136 page Catalogue *free.*
McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, **49 Nassau St., N. Y.**

HALE'S HONEY

OF HOREHOUND AND TAR,
A Wonderful Cure for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Croup and Whooping Cough. *Banishes Coughs and Colds where other remedies have failed.* Keep in readiness. **3 sizes—25c., 50c., $1.** Of all druggists. Beware of counterfeits.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in One Minute.

GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

BIRCH'S KEY WILL WIND ANY WATCH AND NOT WEAR OUT.
SOLD by watchmakers. By mail, 25c. Circulars free. J. S. Birch & Co., 38 Dey St., N. Y.

THIS INK IS MANUF'D BY
J. H. BONNELL & CO., N. Y.

HIGHEST AWARD
Apollinaris
HEALTH EXHIB^N. 1884.

"It Stands at The Head"
The Caligraph
LIFE IS TOO SHORT WRITE THE OLD WAY
Address: The American Writing Machine Co., Hartford, Conn.; New York Office, 237 Broadway.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA

ALLEN'S COCAINE TABLETS

For the THROAT and NERVES.
CURE SORE THROAT, NEURALGIA, NERVOUSNESS, HEADACHE, AND SLEEPLESSNESS.
A benefit to Elocutionists, Public Speakers, and Singers.
Price, 50c. a Box at Druggists or by Mail.
ALLEN COCAINE MFG. CO., 1254 Broadway, N. Y.

CURE FOR THE DEAF

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING, and perform the work of the **Natural Drum.** Always in position, **but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. All Conversation and even whispers heard** distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, free. Address, F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper.

THE HOME VAPOR BATH

(ROSENFIELD'S PATENTS.)

Can be attached to any Bath-tub. Plain or Medicated Vapor or Russian Baths can be taken by the simple use of the hot-water faucet. Is used also for Inhaling Vapors and Disinfecting Premises. In general use here now, in Residences, Hotels, Hospitals, &c. Is highly recommended by all who use it. Is a luxury unsurpassed, and a necessity for some. Pamphlets free. Address

The Home Vapor Bath and Disinfector Co.,
No. 12 East 23d St., near Broadway, New York.

THE PEERLESS VINEYARD ROLLER SKATE.
Adjustable Action. Lever Clamp Fastening. Revolving Axles. Handsome, Noiseless and Easy Running. The best Skate ever made for private use. Suited to the beginner or expert. Sent by express on receipt of price, $6.00. Send for Catalogue of Roller Skates, etc. A. G. SPALDING & BROS., Andrews Building, Chicago. 239 Broadway, N. Y.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

ROLLER AND ICE SKATES
BARNEY & BERRY
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
40 PAGE CATALOGUE MAILED ON RECEIPT OF 2 CENTS

KNABE
PIANOFORTES.
UNEQUALLED IN
Tone, Touch, Workmanship, and Durability.
WILLIAM KNABE & CO.,
Nos. 204 and 206 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore.
No. 112 Fifth Avenue, New York.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

MAKE Money.—The long evenings are at hand. Improve your time. *The House Patent Scroll Saw* runs easy, cuts fast, and is a pleasure to use. You can decorate your walls with beautiful brackets, or sell the work and make money. Send 6c. for 36-page illustrated catalogue, giving full description of SCROLL SAWS, NEW DESIGNS, &c. Address A. H. POMEROY, Division H, 216-220 Asylum St., Hartford, Ct.

SPALDING'S PEERLESS CLUB SKATE.

THE FINEST Ice Skate yet produced. The material used in the manufacture of these Skates is of the very best welded, tempered and polished steel blades, with cut sheet steel foot boards and clamps. The fastening is adjusted by means of a double (right and left) screw, which, with the lever makes the quickest and most secure fastening ever invented. The foot board is made in one piece thereby insuring increased strength and firmness. We make in lengths from 8 to 11½ inches, sent by registered mail upon receipt of price.

No. 1 $4.50 NICKEL PLATED.

No. 0 $5.50 PLATED AND POLISHED

SPECIAL OFFER —In order to introduce the Skate and as a test of the value of this paper as an advertising medium, any person cutting out this advertisement and inclosing with it $4.00 for No. 1 Peerless Club or $5 00 for No. 0 Peerless Club, we will forward Skates by mail prepaid. Every pair warranted and can be returned before using, if not entirely satisfactory. We make this offer only until *January 1, 1886.* Write your name and address plainly. Mention HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS., { 108 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO. 241 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

PRIESTLEY'S SILK-WARP HENRIETTAS

Are the most *thoroughly reliable goods in the market.* They are made of the ***finest silk*** and ***best Australian wool.*** You can easily distinguish them by their ***softness*** and ***beauty*** and ***regularity of finish.*** They are always the same in *quality, weight, width,* and *shade,* thus enabling you to match any piece. None genuine unless rolled on a "*Varnished Board,*" which is the Priestley Trade-mark. They are dyed in two standard shades of black.

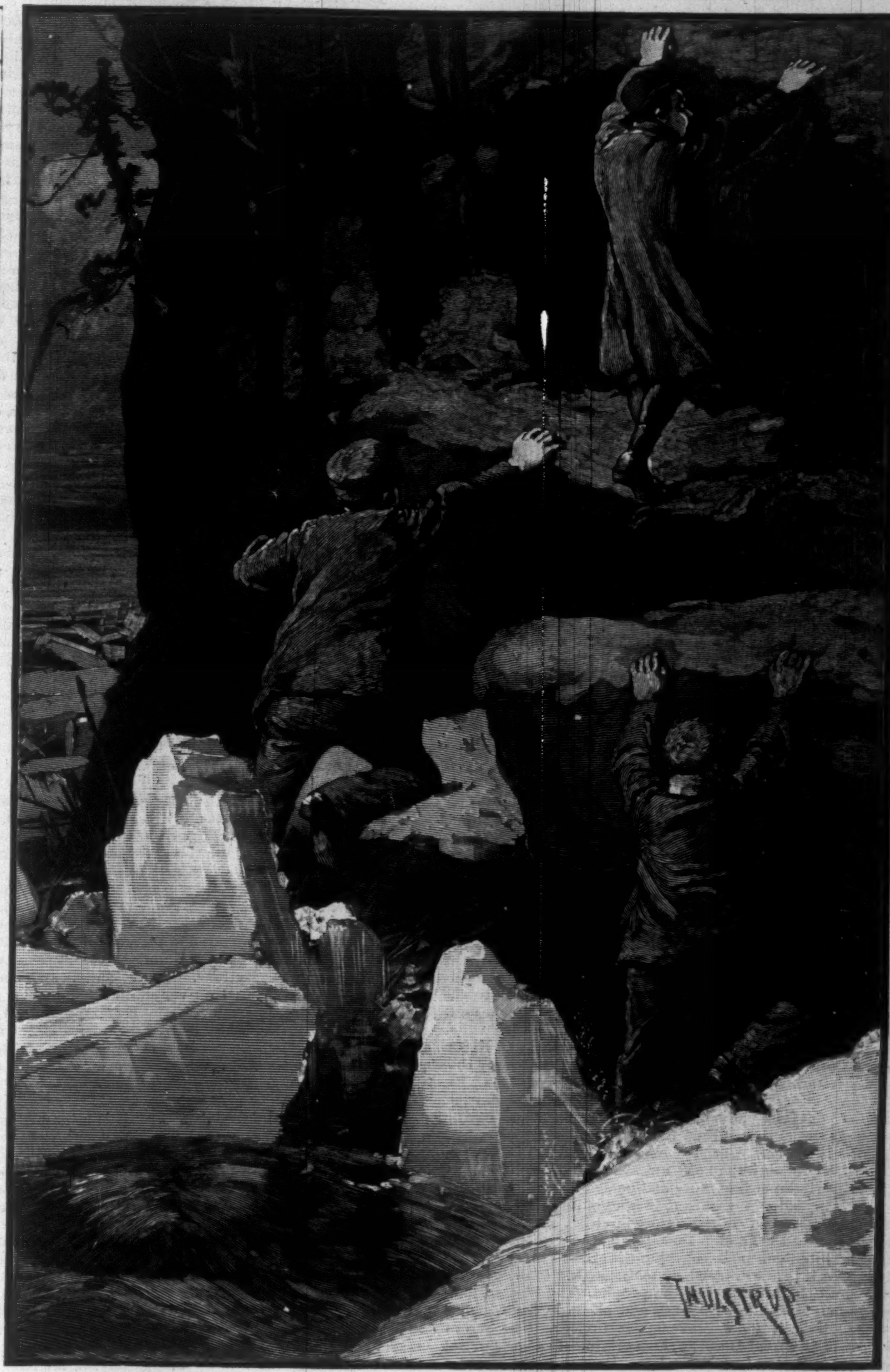
PAILLARD'S
ARE THE BEST
SEND STAMP FOR PRICE LIST TO
M. J. PAILLARD & CO.
680 BROADWAY NEW YORK
MUSIC BOXES

TRADE E. & W. MARK
EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD

TELESCOPES *Spectacles, Barometers, Thermometers, Photographic Outfits for Amateurs, Opera Glasses, Microscopes.* **W. H. WALMSLEY & CO.** successors to R. & J. Beck, Philadelphia
☞ Illustrated Price List free to any address.

$3 Printing Press **Do Your Own PRINTING!**
Card & Label Press, $3. Larger size, $5 to $75. For old or young. Everything easy, printed directions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c., to the factory. **Kelsey & Co., Meriden, Conn.**

From "PEPPER AND SALT," by Howard Pyle.



From "HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE," Vol. VI.

From "THE LAND AND THE BOOK."

From "CITY BALLADS,"
by Will Carleton.

HELP THEM REMEMBER.

Bright shines the sun this day in mid-October,
  Setting in frame of gold a lovely scene—
The bay with sails of snowy whiteness dotted,
  The meadow still arrayed in robe of green,
The trees their leaves of russet softly tossing
  To winds that bear them on their wings away—
And yet 'tis but the harbinger, this splendor,
  Of death and desolation and decay.

And to the many with deep sorrows laden
  This thought dulls autumn glory. They can see
Only with tear-dimmed eyes the wondrous beauty
  That lingers with the wave, the field, the tree;
And seeing thus, they can not pierce the shadow
  Of coming gloom that lies on everything,
And they forget—dear God, help them remember!—
  That after dreary winter comes the spring.

Margaret Ettinge.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CITIES.

The government of cities is a difficult problem in politics. Everywhere comes the same complaint of the imperfection or worthlessness of municipal institutions. From Cincinnati recently we have been assured that merchants are leaving that beautiful city because its elections are carried by violence and fraud, and life and property are no longer secure from its corrupt politicians. New Orleans has long been governed by its worst classes, and its finances are in perpetual discredit. Even Boston, once the most prudent of cities, has lost much of its reputation under its recent rulers. Chicago has nearly reached the unfortunate fame of Cincinnati. Philadelphia is no longer spotless; even its famous water-works have fallen into decay. And San Francisco and St. Louis continue the melancholy story. From all our large cities comes the same complaint, that the better citizens are driven out of the government, and that only the corrupt and the inefficient administer the immense interests of the civic population.

New York for thirty years and more has been one of the chief victims of bad government. Its story is in the highest degree instructive. Within thirty years its debt has risen at times to over one hundred and fifty millions; of this the Sinking Fund represents a payment of nearly forty millions. It is probable that nearly one hundred millions of the debt is the result of fraud. With honest or careful rulers our city need have had no debt at all. But to this fraudulent outlay must be added the excessive expenditures of each single year, the sums lost by unnecessary or wasteful contracts, the extravagant salaries, the wild projects, the secret frauds, that have followed for so many years our corrupt government. It is in vain to lament the past. Yet it is well to remember that these lost millions—lost by our own neglect—would long ago have provided the city with a new aqueduct, new docks and piers, a complete sewerage, a new atmosphere, and abundant health.

The health of the city is what our rulers have seemed least to care for. They have sent countless children to an untimely grave, and cut off manhood in its strength and old age in its decay. New York, that might be made the healthiest of cities, has a higher death rate than any of its American neighbors. In the British Islands it is only exceeded in unhealthiness by Dublin, and perhaps Cork. In Canada, Montreal, with its conservative ignorance, may carry off the fatal palm. In Europe, even Paris and Berlin are more carefully guarded from disease than New York. London is far before us, the healthiest city of Europe, as Dublin is probably the most unhealthy, a centre of contagion, the victim of ignorance and neglect.

For it is no doubt certain that ignorance is the chief foe of good government in nations or in cities. A recent correspondent of the London *Times* has traced with great courage and intelligence the course of the cholera in Spain. He finds that it is due everywhere to the neglect of the government and the blindness of the people. The disease fastened upon Marseilles, Toulouse, and all Italy for the same reason. It will go wherever it is invited. The recent plague in Montreal is of the same origin. It comes almost exclusively to the ignorant. Thus ignorance is the chief crime of modern society. It provokes disease, it fosters vice and beggary, it produces corruption in politics, and accounts for much of the bad government of our American cities. Our ignorant classes, like those of Spain or Montreal, invite every moral and physical disease; from them the corruption spreads until it poisons those who seemed invulnerable against it.

Yet the American cities are at least better governed than were the cities of the past. The cities of the Middle Ages were centres of disease and crime. The Paris satirized by Rabelais, the London of the days of Wat Tyler, or even of Queen Anne, were no pleasant abodes. Plague, famine, filth, vice, and shame reigned in the finest capitals of Europe. The cities of Italy in its fairest period were scenes of assassination and cruelty. Milan and Florence were covered with murders and outrages; a Bridge of Sighs represented the doom of Venice. The German cities were fortresses, the home of a dawning improvement. The Dutch cities led the way to cleanliness and good order. In the Roman and classical ages the municipalities were scarcely more fortunate. Rome itself abounded in crime, misery, oppression, pestilence, and unrest. Its pauper population supplanted the free citizens. In the far East we have the story of the virtuous Brules nearly starving to death a whole board of aldermen (or senators) to wring from them his usurious interest, of Cicero painting the endless sorrows of the provincials. The cities of China are crowded and noxious beyond belief, the centres of endless discomfort and perpetual diseases.

Compared with these cities of the past or present, even Cincinnati or New Orleans must seem almost an earthly paradise. But what all our cities want is a vigorous impulse toward reform. We have, in fact, many of the agents of reform—the schools, the civil service rules, the growing power of science, the influence of a rising intelligence. But we still want the union of the more prudent citizens in one unpartisan movement for the common weal. Can we not have in each city a reform league made up of a majority of the voters?

Eugene Lawrence.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

All know, but few stop to give a thought to the fact, that the art of printing has added to the list of holiday presents a form that was unknown to the generations of generous givers and delighted receivers who lived during the fourteen centuries that elapsed from the first Christmas gift at Bethlehem to the discovery of the "art preservative of all arts." Thanks to the enterprise of publishers and the almost universal diffusion of knowledge in our nineteenth century, books in endless variety have now become a staple source of our holiday supplies, and of all the forms which holiday and high-day gifts have taken none afford a larger opportunity than they for conveying the donor's impression of the recipient's needs, taste, and intelligence, none can be made a more fitting medium of delicate compliment, none are richer in suggestive intimation, none are freer from all mere mercenary taint, and none so perfectly unite the lasting and the intrinsically useful with the refined, the beautiful, and the intellectual.

No press in America has been more lavish in contributions to the list of books that are peculiarly appropriate for gifts than that of the Messrs. Harper, and a glance at a few of their recent additions to it will afford some idea of their variety and value. Prominent among these, as well for the beauty of its exterior as for the sterling qualities of its matter, is a superb folio of *Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick*, with drawings by Edwin A. Abbey. In this beautiful volume Mr. Abbey has shown the pictorial suggestiveness of Herrick's poems, and it now remains for some brother artist of "the tuneful quire," of equal genius in his sphere, to show their adaptedness to musical expression. It is astonishing how fresh the verse of Herrick remains. Nearly two and a half centuries have come and gone since his poems were written, and although in the interval the mutations of taste and fashion have operated as irresistibly in the world of literature as they do in that of dress, and have relegated the writings in prose and verse of many of his most popular contemporaries to the lumber-room of forgotten antiquities, his inimitable songs and lyrics and pastorals seem to be endowed with perpetual youth, and refuse ever to grow old. No poet's verse ever came more directly from the heart than his, and it never grows old, first, because his heart was always young, and, again, because he sung of things that never grow old—of brooks and birds, of blossoms and flowers, of out-door delights in spring and summer, of winter's pleasures and fireside comforts, of rural joys and simple pastimes, of love and courtship, and sweethearts and wives, and of all the accessories of mirth and blithesomeness. Mr. Abbey's selections from this most jocund and evergreen of our minor poets are not only admirable as illustrative of Herrick's range of fancy and variety of style and subject, but also because they form a most suggestive text for his own charming pictorial interpretations and delineations of the poet's daintiest conceptions and most picturesque descriptions. The volume is a splendid folio, sumptuously printed on vellum-like paper, and superbly bound; and it comprises the larger proportion of Herrick's songs, lyrics, pastorals, and amatory and descriptive pieces, all of which are illustrated by seventy full-page drawings in Mr. Abbey's best and most characteristic vein.

At this stage of the world's history it is a far less common experience to live contemporaneously with the founding of a new state than with the discovery of a new planet or sun. And in view of the improvements that have been or that may be made in the telescope, and in view also of the fixed and settled demarkations of the nations now occupying our globe and dividing its territories among one another, and of the small portion of the earth that remains to be discovered and parted among them, it is highly probable that those of us who are now in being will have even more frequent opportunities in the future than we have had in the past of witnessing the birth of a star, while scarcely any of us may have another opportunity of witnessing the birth of a state. This consideration, apart from the natural and healthy liking that we all have for narratives of discovery and adventure, must excite a lively interest in Mr. Henry M. Stanley's new book, *The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State*, recently published by the Messrs. Harper. The event that it describes is unique. No other book of the century has afforded its readers so rare an opportunity to see history in the process of making as is afforded by Mr. Stanley's two profoundly interesting volumes. They comprise a close account of the vast territory in the heart of Africa that has been opened to the commerce of the world by the exploration of the Congo from its sources in far western Africa to the point on the East Coast, 3500 miles distant, where it empties into the Atlantic, and also of the difficulties that were encountered and overcome by Mr. Stanley and the party under his command in opening and constructing roads, in maintaining communications between the widely distant stations that were planted along the mighty river, in transporting supplies, boats, machinery, and provisions through impenetrable forests and over lofty mountains, in securing the vast region from the barbarous tribes who inhabited it, and in uniting the people and their chiefs in a peaceful and voluntary surrender of their petty sovereignties and of the right to wage war with each other, and in a full recognition of the supreme sovereignty of the new state. The view that Mr. Stanley gives of the resources and population of this vast domain of over a million square miles which, through his instrumentality, has been erected into a state free to the world for trade and settlement, is one that can not fail to arrest the attention of the philanthropist and the statesman, and his precise and full account of the negotiations that resulted in a convention of the accredited plenipotentiaries of all the principal nations of the world, at Berlin, and the consummation by them of a joint act which settled the autonomy and independence of the new state, and finally consecrated to free commerce a privileged zone of nearly two and a half millions of square miles, is one of the most interesting chapters of history that has been written in these modern days—abundantly rich in food for reflection, and inviting the thoughtful reader to a consideration of new political problems that are fraught with momentous possibilities for Africa and the entire civilized world. Aside from the larger issues which the work presents for study and investigation, it also embodies a most interesting record of travel and exploration, and of the incidents and adventures that formed a part of the indomitable traveller's experiences while penetrating the hidden recesses of the Dark Continent.

As is the case with nearly all the adages that have become household words, the old adage, "Variety is the spice of life," is the embodiment of a truth that has a universal application. The best dish palls upon the palate if one is confined exclusively to it, and there is no cate or delicacy but will lose its relish if it be made one's sole diet. What is true of physical aliment is no less true of intellectual food. And in providing reading for young people this fact should never be disregarded; for with children, above all others, not merely does variety give spice and flavor to the intellectual life, but it is a prime necessity if we would have that life remain active, vigorous, and capable of growth. As perpetual rain or snow or sunshine, or perpetual day or night, would arrest the growth, sap the vigor, distort the form, and destroy the fragrance of these delicate children of nature, the flowers, so is it with the flowers of the household: they must have the rain as well as the sunshine, the dark night as well as the resplendent day, the winter as well as spring and summer, the shadow, the cloud, and the storm, no less than the cheerful light and glow of the fireside, if we would have them grow supple, erect, and vigorous. *Harper's Young People* fully meets all the requirements for healthful reading for healthful children. Its variety is almost unlimited, and so wisely adapted to multiform tastes of youthful readers that, while it is full of relish and enjoyment, it nourishes and invigorates them. The new volume for 1885 is a treasury of good things, not only various in kind, but excellent in quality. Its pages teem with choice reading for every mood and taste and disposition of childhood—reading that touches alike the conscience and the affections of the child, that moves him to tears and smiles, that improves and refines his mind, that stimulates his fancy and rouses his wholesome curiosity, that ministers to his joys and sorrows, presides over and directs his sports and amusements, incites in him an admiration for the good, the true, and the beautiful, and nourishes in his "heart of hearts" the love of his fellow, his country, and his Maker. To this end workers in nearly every branch of the literary art have been enlisted by the publishers of this sterling periodical to contribute from their treasuries to the development of the affections and intellect of its young readers. Poets and lyrists have contributed their share, and so have the artist, the historian, the biographer, the traveller and voyager, the lover of nature and of natural history, the teller of legends and stories and fairy tales, and the wise and kindly preceptress of manners, morals, and fireside amusements and occupations. The volume for 1885 is in itself a library of diversified reading, and if it is combined with the preceding volumes for 1881, 1882, 1883, and 1884, the whole forms an inexhaustible store of instruction and amusement for the youths of a household or of a social circle. The volume for 1885 is embellished with 700 fine wood-engravings, many of them full-page, and it is handsomely bound in illuminated covers.

George Eliot's Life as Related in her Letters and Journals, edited and arranged by her husband, Mr. J. W. Cross, is a biography of unusual value alike for the remarkable qualities of its subject and for the skill and ingenuity with which the biographer has wrought the materials illustrative of character and career into a connected and uninterrupted narrative. It scarcely needs to be said that George Eliot was one of the most noteworthy women of her own or of any age. In mere intellectuality she was almost literally without a peer among women, and although she may have been surpassed in imaginative power by a favored few of her own sex, she has been seldom equalled in modern times by any of either sex in the range and fertility of her resources—in the faculty of evolving from her studies of the world around her imaginary characters who are at once natural and life-like, yet original and exhibiting traits, dispositions, and qualities which distinguish them from the common herd, and in a greater or less degree invest them with heroic proportions. So likewise in the art of depicting life and manners, of fashioning into a symmetrical whole the separate and often widely dispersed incidents of common life, of giving expression to deep passion and true emotion, and of portraying the subtle operation of those sentiments and feelings which move every rank and condition of men and women, and form the springs and motives of their conduct and actions, she must be numbered with those writers whom the world accounts its great masters. Naturally the life of so highly gifted a woman and author is scanned with the liveliest interest by those who have experienced the spell of her genius. We are eager to be introduced behind the scenes of her actual social and daily life—to take note of the incidents and influential surroundings of her childhood and girlhood, to watch the budding of her intellectual and literary powers, to trace the changes in her opinions and beliefs and in her estimates of men and things, to accompany her through all the stages of her career from her first faltering steps to her loftiest and most assured flights, and, while tracing the secret of her success as a writer, to familiarize ourselves with the details of her every-day life, and study the traits of her character as a woman. All this Mr. Cross enables us to do by his sympathetic and exhaustively minute memoir, not the least conspicuous merit of which is that, except where he supplies occasional convenient connecting links, it is told in her own words, spoken in the unreserved freedom of her private letters and journals, by George Eliot herself.

It is scarcely to be doubted that at this hour the works of no other novelist have as wide a circle of readers and admirers among peoples speaking the English tongue as the novels of George Eliot. While neither of them is so restricted in its range of characters and incidents as to be relished exclusively by readers of special tastes, or of and

particular age or sex or condition, some of them appeal with peculiar force to the sympathies of woman in her threefold life as sweetheart, wife, and mother; some appeal as strongly to men who are dreaming "love's young dream," or who are encountering the anxieties and responsibilities of the bread-winner; others carry their wise or tender or pathetic teachings, suggestions, and consolations to the heart of the toiler, whether lad or lass, man or woman; others are rich in social pictures that are rife with food for reflection for the capitalist and the laborer; still others address themselves to the taste of the artist, the scholar, the student, or the philosophic analyst of human character and motives, and all exert a refining and an invigorating influence upon the mind of their reader while they enthrall him with their vivid descriptions and absorbing narrative. The Messrs. HARPER have published three editions of the *Complete Works of George Eliot*, each containing her novels, poems, essays, and leaves from her note-book, and forming a very attractive set for the library. Of these editions, the "Library Edition" and the "Popular Edition" is each in twelve volumes, and the "Fireside Edition" consists of six handy volumes handsomely bound in cloth. Its size and compactness render the last-mentioned edition specially suitable for a tasteful and inexpensive holiday souvenir.

The possessors of the former volumes of Dr. THOMSON'S *Land and the Book* will extend a hearty welcome to the third and concluding volume of his great work, now just published. It should be said, however, that although the three volumes have one general title — *The Land and the Book*—they are in reality three separate works, bearing, it is true, upon related themes, but yet each having an interest of its own not dependent upon the others; so that while it may be desirable in the interests of good literature to own the entire set, there is no necessary connection between the different volumes either in the matter which they contain or the imprint upon the title-page, and they are sold separately. For the information of those who may not have seen the earlier volumes, it may be stated that the first volume was published by the Messrs. HARPER in 1880, and was devoted to the kingdom of Judah, Southern Palestine, and Jerusalem; and that the second volume was issued by the same publishers in 1882, and was confined to Central Palestine and Phœnicia. In these two volumes the author's attention was mainly occupied with the Promised Land *west* of the Jordan, the scene of the establishment of the Hebrews in Palestine, of their existence as a nation until the country fell under the Roman sway, and of the birth and mortal life of the Saviour. The volume now published has for its full title, *The Land and the Book; or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery, of the Holy Land: Lebanon, Damascus, and Beyond Jordan*, and it relates to the districts of Lebanon, Cœle-Syria, Anti-Lebanon, Damascus, Bashan, Gilead, and the regions beyond Jordan *eastward*, which were not originally included in the Land of Promise, to which last this volume alludes only incidentally, and by way of reference or illustration. But although these adjacent districts did not form a part of the Promised Land, they were closely associated with it, since they were the scene of the earliest beginnings of Hebrew history long antecedent to the time of Moses. As the author observes in his preface to the present volume, "some of these districts were the first that were occupied by the patriarchs of old, others were the first taken possession of by the Hebrew nation, and all of them were most intimately associated with the children of Israel in their social, civil, and religious life, and in their secular history." And he justly adds that while "we are traversing these regions we are still in the land of the Bible, and drawing our Biblical illustrations from the manners and customs, the scenes and scenery, of the Holy Land." This beautiful volume unites the engaging freshness and variety of a book of travels with the interest that attaches to a record of archæological and antiquarian exploration, and the still deeper interest that is excited by a verification of Bible history, and of the incidents recorded in it, through the medium of the survivals that remain at the present day. The greater portion of the work is the result of Dr. Thomson's long residence in the Holy Land, and of his extensive tours and excursions to the places he describes; while at the same time he has incorporated in his text, wherever they seemed necessary to render it more complete, whatever he has been able to glean from the latest researches of English and American exploration societies, or from the publications of the more recent travellers and scholars. Especially attractive are the author's spirited descriptions of Damascus and Beirût, of Tyre and Sidon, of the scenery and summer resorts of the lofty Lebanon range, of Hermon and Gilead and Tadmor and the Druses, and of the stupendous ruins of Jerash, Bosrah, and conspicuously of Baalbek. The book is copiously illustrated, and is equipped with two excellent maps, respectively of the Lebanon, Cœle-Syria, Anti-Lebanon, and the region about Damascus, and of the region east of the Jordan, including Bashan, Gilead, and Moab.

Having carried his thousands of youthful readers in fancy along with his boy travellers and their "guide, philosopher and friend" to Japan and China, to Siam and Java, to Ceylon and India, to Egypt, to Palestine, to the North Pole, and through Africa, Mr. THOMAS W. KNOX now offers his young countrymen an opportunity to accompany the same enterprising young gentlemen in another adventurous journey nearer home, through our sister continent, South America. Although the journey which he chronicles in his new volume, *The Boy Travellers in South America*, like its predecessors, is an imaginary one, and although the characters who figure in it are fictitious, its facts and descriptions are none the less vivid and real on that account. Mr. Knox has had some personal experience of the lands which are now traversed by his boy travellers, and he has re-enforced his own observations and experience by the observations and experience of a multitude of travellers, from Humboldt down, and by a study of all the documentary and other evidences which throw light upon the various portions of South America. So that when he chronicles the adventures and experiences of Frank Bassett and Fred Bronson and good Dr. Bronson, as told in their own off-hand and rollicking or more sober and thoughtful style, he is really giving his readers the cream of all that is known concerning the geography and topography of the Southern Continent, and respecting the people, the resources, the climate, the flora and fauna, and the civil, social, political, and religious characteristics of the states which line its mighty rivers, or cover its broad pampas, or cling to its stupendous mountain ranges. It would be no easy task for the youth of America, and indeed for its mature adults and gray-beards, to find another work which embodies in as small compass so large an amount of full and generally trustworthy information concerning the South American peoples and states as Mr. Knox has brought together in breezy colloquial form in this entertaining volume.

Delightful as is the text of Mr. BOUGHTON'S *Sketching Rambles in Holland*, and rich as we have found it in riant humor and contagious gayety, in sparkling pen-pictures of enjoyable nooks and quaint out-of-the-way corners, and in felicitous descriptions of manifold aspects of intensely Netherlandish life, manners, customs, and costumes among all sorts and conditions of Netherlandish people, we surmise that its artistic beauties will insure it a longer lease of popular favor than could be secured for it by its literary merits alone. Indeed, Mr. Boughton's genial pen seems merely the nimble exponent of the more than fourscore capital illustrations, by himself and his friends Abbey and Rogers, with which the volume is adorned, and of which it may be said without exaggeration that not even the most modest and unpretending among them can be closely studied without discovering some new and unlooked-for beauty, some subtle grace of treatment or composition, some special trait of imagination or trick of fancy, which lingers pleasantly in our memories. Several of the illustrations are of rare excellence, especially the portraits of maidens of every degree, the groups of rural and fisher folk, and the fine landscape and *genre* pieces that are scattered through the book in generous profusion. The volume is a luxurious octavo, and is faultless in its dress and typography.

Mr. CARLETON'S *City Ballads* have the sterling quality, often lacking in poetry of a higher strain, which distinguishes his other poetical productions, namely, that of going straight to the heart of his readers, and of affording genuine pleasure as well to the young, the lowly, and plain-minded as to the mature, the modish, and those whose taste is refined but not overfastidious. In order to relish Mr. Carleton's poetry it is indispensable to have a heart that does not wait to take its cue from its cautious and captious sister organ, the brain, but that makes haste to follow the lead of its own quick and kindly impulses. In these ballads Mr. Carleton blends a higher and more ambitious strain with the manner of his dialect and farm ballads, but without any sacrifice of the wise and matter-of-fact simplicity or of the genial and at times pathetic humor which are their peculiar charm. His pictures of the various phases of city life as they appear to the unaccustomed eyes of those who have passed their lives in the quiet and uneventful country are impressive because of the remarkable freshness of their coloring and the vividness of the contrasts and comparisons which they suggest. The volume is enriched with a number of spirited illustrations, and very attractively bound and printed.

When Sir Philip Sidney made the exulting confession, "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet," he gave expression to the operation of a general law by an instance drawn from his own experience. For ballads and battle lyrics have ever been the nurse of manly endeavor, and have always exerted a powerful influence in giving a heroic or a patriotic bent to the mind of the young and ardent. Although this form of poetry is most common in the earlier stages of a literature, there have been examples of it in every age scarcely less stirring than the fine "old song" of "Chevy Chase" to which Sidney so feelingly refers. And the incidents and events that attended the birth and early years of our own country are peculiarly suggestive of this form of verse, and have been happily availed of, among other of our native poets, by Dr. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, to arouse the ardor of patriotism that is latent in the hearts of the youths of America. This spirited writer has just collected in a beautiful volume, entitled *Boys' Book of Battle Lyrics*, a number of lyrical and narrative pieces of his own composition illustrating some of the more memorable martial events in the history of our country from the colonial period to the outbreak of the civil war. Among the events that are chronicled in this collection, in narrative so vivid and circumstantial and in verse so ringing that they can not fail to make a deep impression upon the imagination of the young reader, are the Burning of Jamestown, the Sack of Deerfield, the Fight at Lexington, the Bombardment of Fort Sullivan, the Fight at Oriskany, and the Battles of Bennington, Monmouth, Trenton, King's Mountain, the Cowpens, and New Orleans.

The earnestness with which Mr. HOWARD PYLE is devoting his facile pen and pencil to the entertainment of children, and to giving a wholesome direction to their fancy and imagination, should earn for him the gratitude of our young folk. A few years ago he lent himself to the task of preparing a superbly illustrated version of *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*, in which he collated and brought together in a continuous narrative all the legends and traditions relating to that popular outlaw and his "merry men," to the infinite contentment and delight of numberless boys and girls in their "teens." And now he has completed another charming volume of legends, apologues, wonder stories, and fairy tales, in prose and verse, and addressed to the taste of the wee folk of the nursery. All these are rich in the marvels that appeal to the child's fancy, and are profusely embellished with antique outline drawings illustrative of characters or incidents described in the text, whose quaintly literal or as quaintly humorous designs are of the kind that are fullest of piquant suggestiveness to very young people. The Messrs. HARPER have vied with the author in making the volume attractive. It is printed in quarto form, on superb paper, and in the most perfect style of the typographic art, and it is appropriately bound in richly illuminated covers.

The most important contribution of the year to natural history has been the publication by the Messrs. HARPER of Mr. H. O. FORBES'S *A Naturalist's Wanderings in the Eastern Archipelago*. This valuable work is an indispensable companion to Wallace's well-known work on the Malay Archipelago, inasmuch as it brings down the record of the natural history of the Eastern islands to a much later date than it was brought by Mr. Wallace, and is the fruit of investigations that not only covered the ground traversed by Mr. Wallace, but extended to many portions of the Eastern Archipelago that were not visited by him. Mr. Forbes's volume is a record of his travels and observations during the five years from 1878 to 1883, in the Cocos-Keeling Islands, in Java and Sumatra, in the Moluccas and the Timor-laut Islands, and in the islands of Buru and Timor; and it embodies minute and graphic accounts of the birds, fishes, and insects, and of the floral, vegetable, and arboreal world of this little-known region, together with a large body of new and valuable information on subjects of interest to geologists and ethnologists no less than to zoologists and naturalists.

Mr. E. P. ROE'S graceful combination of romance and reality, *Nature's Serial Story*, will long and deservedly remain one of the most beautiful and appropriate of our holiday books. Its graphic pen-pictures of the scenery of the Hudson, of the varied aspects of nature as they are modified by the changing seasons, of the wealth of animal, floral, and vegetable life that is to be found in the mountains and forests, the valleys and solitudes, of the majestic river, and of the pursuits and characteristics of the people who live beside it, are a perpetual incentive to the imagination of the poet and the pencil of the painter, while its tranquil story of domestic life illumined by love and affection appeals to the sentiment of romance that glows in every bosom which has not been chilled by selfishness or *ennui*. Rich in invitations to the artist as is Mr. Roe's text in this volume, and abounding as it does in appeals to his sensibilities, it is not surprising that our nature-loving artists Gibson and Dielman have discerned its capability for pictorial embellishment, and have busied their pencils in reproducing from lavish nature the picturesque sights and scenes and aspects of life which Mr. Roe describes. More than one hundred and thirty designs by these skillful limners, many of them full-page, and all of them instinct with grace and beauty, testify to the suggestiveness and fidelity to nature of Mr. Roe's delightful story.

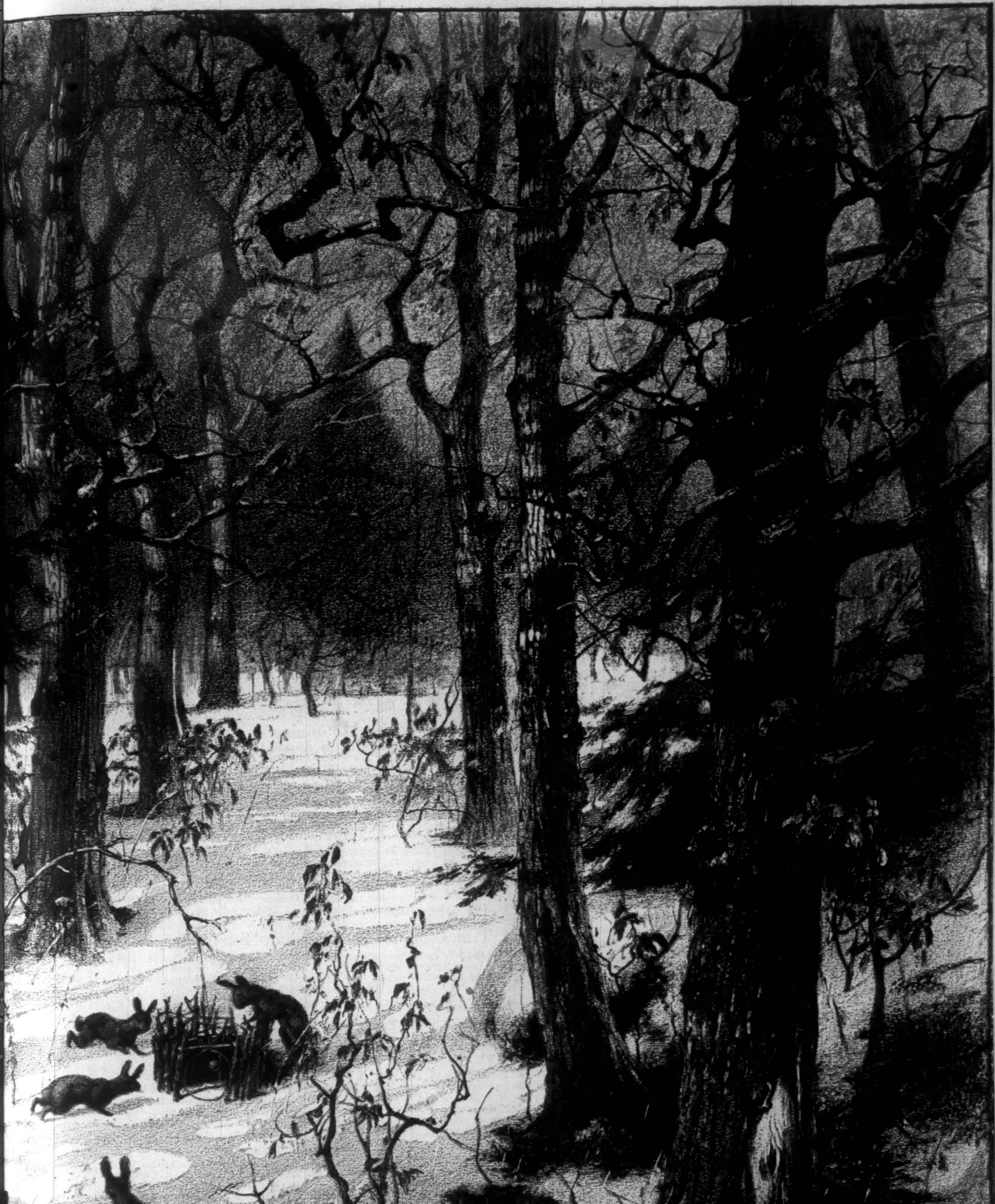
By none will the announcement of a new edition of Mr. LEW WALLACE'S brilliant religio-historical romance, *Ben-Hur, A Tale of the Christ*, be more cordially greeted than by those who are the most earnest followers of the Saviour and the sincerest believers in His divinity. The tone of the romance is so reverent, its abstention from any fanciful enlargement of the sayings and doings of the God-man, and of the incidents of His life, beyond what is revealed in Holy Scripture, is so rigid, and its use of the incidents which tradition and legend and the imagination of the early Christians have associated with the Saviour is so reserved and discriminating, that legitimate criticism is fairly disarmed. In no instance that we can recall are any of the real facts of the Saviour's life, or even those which are legendary or traditional, introduced merely for their scenic or histrionic effects; nor are they ever permitted to detract from the pre-eminent dignity and Godlikeness of His character. While a natural interest is made to centre upon the person and influence of the Saviour, the leading purpose of the tale is to furnish, first, an intelligent idea of the mental, moral, and social conditions of the Oriental world at His coming, and especially the state of high-wrought expectation which prevailed among the nations, and more particularly among the Chosen People; and second, to reproduce, as it were, in a living drama, the manners, customs, practices, religions, and philosophies of the Grecian, Roman, and Oriental peoples as they existed during the life of Christ and His apostles. The romance is one of the most scholarly as well as one of the most absorbing of our contemporaneous productions.

In his *Larger History of the United States to the Close of President Jackson's Administration* Mr. HIGGINSON has made a departure from the conventional methods ordinarily employed by historical writers. Instead of a continuous recital, embracing a detail of all the occurrences of each month or year in the life of a nation, Mr. Higginson has adopted the plan of treating the history of our country by dividing it into a succession of separate and distinct acts or scenes, and of grouping under each of these the most striking, the most picturesque, and the most characteristic particulars of the life and manners of the people, and of the social, religious, moral, political, and intellectual tendencies of the times in which these people lived and moved. Thus one chapter, or act, is devoted to "The First Americans," another to "The Visit of the Vikings," another to "The Spanish Discoveries," and others severally to "The Hundred Years' War," "The British Yoke," "The Dawning of Independence," "The Birth of a Nation," "The Early American Presidents," "The Second War for Independence," etc. The illustrations of the volume are excellent and abundant, and comprise, as the author states with justifiable pride in a prefatory note, "perhaps the finest set of portraits of statesmen yet seen in any American book."

The two generous octavo volumes in which Mr. JOHN BIGELOW has collected together the *Writings and Speeches of Samuel J. Tilden* form a substantial contribution to the political history of the last fifty years. Mr. Tilden has been so industrious as a writer, and so busy and influential an actor in the politics of his State and of the nation at large, and he has touched upon so many interesting political problems with his voice or pen, that an authenticated collection of what he has said and what he has written is an almost indispensable adjunct to the libraries of all those who would

[*Continued on page 792.*]

WINTER IN THE WOO



—Drawn by W. Hamilton Gibson.

HARPER & BROTHERS' HOLIDAY BOOKS

For 1885.

Thomson's The Land and the Book.
The Land and the Book. By WILLIAM M. THOMSON, D.D., Forty-five Years a Missionary in Syria and Palestine. In Three Volumes. Copiously Illustrated. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $6 00; Sheep, $7 00; Half Morocco, $8 50; Full Morocco, Gilt Edges, $10 00 per Volume. (*The Volumes sold separately.*)

Volume I. SOUTHERN PALESTINE AND JERUSALEM. (140 Illustrations and Maps.)
Volume II. CENTRAL PALESTINE AND PHŒNICIA. (130 Illustrations and Maps.)
Volume III. LEBANON, DAMASCUS, AND BEYOND JORDAN. (147 Illustrations and Maps.)

"Harper's Young People" for 1885. Vol. VI.
Over 800 pages, with about 700 Illustrations. 4to, Ornamental Cloth, $3 50. Vols. II., III., IV., and V., $3 50 each. Vol. I. *out of print.*

Stanley's Congo.
The Congo, and the Founding of Its Free State: A Story of Work and Exploration. By H. M. STANLEY, Author of "Through the Dark Continent," &c. With over One Hundred Illustrations and Maps. 2 vols., pp. 1130. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $10 00 per Set.

Higginson's Larger History of the United States.
A Larger History of the United States of America to the Close of President Jackson's Administration. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, Author of "Young Folks' History of the United States," &c. Illustrated by Maps, Plans, Portraits, and other Engravings. pp. xii., 470. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

Writings and Speeches of Samuel J. Tilden.
Writings and Speeches of Samuel J. Tilden. Edited by JOHN BIGELOW. pp. xviii., 1202. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Tops and Uncut Edges, $6 00 per Set.

City Ballads. By Will Carleton.
Illustrated. pp. 180. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $2 00; Gilt Edges, $2 50.

Other Poems by Will Carleton:
FARM FESTIVALS. Illustrated. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $2 00; Gilt Edges, $2 50.
FARM BALLADS. Illustrated. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $2 00; Gilt Edges, $2 50.
FARM LEGENDS. Illustrated. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $2 00; Gilt Edges, $2 50.
YOUNG FOLKS' CENTENNIAL RHYMES. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

Thos. W. Knox's Books for Boys:
The Boy Travellers in South America.
Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Brazil, Paraguay, Argentine Republic, and Chili. With Descriptions of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, and Voyages upon the Amazon and La Plata Rivers. By THOMAS W. KNOX. With Colored Frontispiece, Profuse Illustrations, and Maps. pp. xvi., 514. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $3 00.

The Voyage of the "Vivian."
The Voyage of the "Vivian" to the North Pole and Beyond. Adventures of Two Youths in the Open Polar Sea. By THOMAS W. KNOX. With Colored Frontispiece, Profuse Illustrations, and Maps. pp. 298. 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $2 50.

Boy Travellers in the Far East. By Thos. W. Knox.
In Five Volumes. Colored Frontispiece and Profuse Illustrations. 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $3 00 each Volume.

PART I. ADVENTURES OF TWO YOUTHS IN A JOURNEY TO JAPAN AND CHINA.—PART II. ADVENTURES OF TWO YOUTHS IN A JOURNEY TO SIAM AND JAVA.—PART III. ADVENTURES OF TWO YOUTHS IN A JOURNEY TO CEYLON AND INDIA.—PART IV. ADVENTURES OF TWO YOUTHS IN A JOURNEY TO EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND.—PART V. ADVENTURES OF TWO YOUTHS IN A JOURNEY THROUGH CENTRAL AFRICA.

Hunting Adventures on Land and Sea. By Thos. W. Knox.
In Two Vols. Profusely Illustrated. 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $2 50 per Vol.

PART I. THE YOUNG NIMRODS IN NORTH AMERICA.—PART II. THE YOUNG NIMRODS AROUND THE WORLD.

Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle.
Suggestions as to their Manufacture and Use. By HENRY P. WELLS. Illustrated. pp. 364. Post 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $2 50.

The Fall of Constantinople.
Being the Story of the Fourth Crusade. By EDWIN PEARS, LL.B. pp. xvi., 422. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

The Boy's Book of Battle Lyrics.
By THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M.D., LL.D. Illustrated. pp. xii., 168. Square 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $2 00.

Pepper and Salt.
Pepper and Salt; or, Seasoning for Young Folk. Prepared by HOWARD PYLE. Beautifully and Profusely Illustrated by the Author. 4to, Illuminated Cloth, $2 00.

A Naturalist's Wanderings in the Eastern Archipelago.
A Narrative of Travel and Exploration from 1878 to 1883. By HENRY O. FORBES, F.R.G.S., &c. With many Illustrations (including a colored Frontispiece) and Maps. pp. xx., 536. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $5 00.

Indian History for Young Folks.
By FRANCIS S. DRAKE. With Colored Frontispiece, Numerous Illustrations, and a Map. pp. 480. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $3 00.

George Eliot's Life,
As Related in her Letters and Journals. Arranged and Edited by her Husband, J. W. CROSS. Portrait and Illustrations. In Three Volumes. Library Edition, 12mo, Cloth, $3 75.

George Eliot's Works.
LIBRARY EDITION. 12 Vols. 12mo, Cloth, per vol., $1 25; per Set, $13 00; Half Calf, per Set, $30 00.
POPULAR EDITION. 12 Vols. 12mo, per vol., 75 cents. Complete Sets, Half Calf, $30 00.
FIRESIDE EDITION. 12 Vols. in 6. 12mo, Cloth, $7 50 per Set. (*Sold only in Sets.*)

The Principles of Expression in Piano-forte Playing.
By ADOLPH F. CHRISTIANI. Illustrated. pp. 303. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

Boughton's Holland.
Sketching Rambles in Holland. By GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A. Beautifully and Profusely Illustrated with Wood-engravings from Drawings by the Author and EDWIN A. ABBEY. Two Artists' Full-Page Proofs, Japanese Paper, without Letters. pp. xvi., 342. 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $5 00; Brown Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $5 00; Full Gilt Edges, $5 25.

Nature's Serial Story.
By EDWARD P. ROE. Beautifully and Profusely Illustrated with Wood-engravings from Drawings by WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON and FREDERIC DIELMAN. pp. xviii., 430. 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $5 00; Gilt Edges, $5 25.

Friendly Edition of Shakespeare.
"The Friendly Edition" of Shakespeare's Works. Edited by W. J. ROLFE. In 20 volumes. Illustrated. Gilt Tops and Uncut Edges. Square 16mo, Sheets, $27 00; Cloth, $30 00; Half Calf, $60 00.

Laboulaye's Last Fairy Tales.
Last Fairy Tales by ÉDOUARD LABOULAYE. Authorized Translation by MARY L. BOOTH. With over 250 Illustrations. pp. xviii., 382. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00; Gilt Edges, $2 50.

Tennyson's Complete Works.
The Complete Poetical Works of ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, Poet-Laureate. With an Introductory Sketch by ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE. With Portraits and Illustrations. pp. 430. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00; Gilt Edges, $2 50.

Herrick's Poems. Illustrated by Abbey.
Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick. With Drawings by EDWIN A. ABBEY. pp. vi., 188. 4to, Illuminated Cloth, Gilt Edges, $7 50. (*In a Box.*)

The Raven. Illustrated by Doré.
The Raven. By EDGAR ALLAN POE. Illustrated by GUSTAVE DORÉ. With Comment by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Folio (uniform with Doré's "Ancient Mariner"), Illuminated Cloth, Gilt Edges, $10 00. (*In a Box.*)

The Ancient Mariner. Illustrated by Doré.
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Illustrated by GUSTAVE DORÉ. A magnificently Illustrated and Sumptuous Volume. Folio, Cloth, Gilt Edges, $10 00. (*In a Box.*)

Highways and Byways. By W. Hamilton Gibson.
Highways and Byways; or, Saunterings in New England. By W. HAMILTON GIBSON. Illustrated by the Author. pp. 158. 4to, Illuminated Cloth, Gilt Edges, $7 50. (*In a Box.*)

Pastoral Days. By W. Hamilton Gibson.
Pastoral Days; or, Memories of a New England Year. By W. HAMILTON GIBSON. Illustrated by the Author. pp. 154. 4to, Illuminated Cloth, Gilt Edges, $7 50. (*In a Box.*)

The Heart of the White Mountains.
By SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE, Author of "Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast." Illustrated by W. HAMILTON GIBSON, Author of "Pastoral Days." pp. xii., 318. 4to, Illuminated Cloth, Gilt Edges, $7 50. (*In a Box.*)

Lathrop's Spanish Vistas. Illustrated by Reinhart.
By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. Illustrated by CHARLES S. REINHART. pp. xii., 210. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, Gilt Tops and Uncut Edges, $3 00.

Principles of Political Economy.
By SIMON NEWCOMB, LL.D., Professor of Mathematics, U. S. Navy, Author of "Popular Astronomy," &c. pp. xvi., 548. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

Dancing, and its Relations to Education and Social Life.
With a New Method of Instruction, including a Complete Guide to the Cotillion (German), with 250 Figures. By ALLEN DODWORTH. Illustrated. pp. vi., 278. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Life and Times of the Rev. Sydney Smith.
A Sketch of the Life and Times of the Rev. Sydney Smith (M.A., Rector of Combe-Florey, and Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's). Based on Family Documents and the Recollections of Personal Friends. By STUART J. REID. With Steel-plate Portrait and Illustrations. pp. xx., 410. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

Lossing's Works.
Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution;
Or, Illustrations by Pen and Pencil of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics, and Traditions of the War for Independence. By BENSON J. LOSSING. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $14 00; Sheep, $15 00; Half Calf, $18 00 per Set.

Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812;
Or, Illustrations by Pen and Pencil of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics, and Traditions of the Last War for American Independence. By BENSON J. LOSSING. With 882 Illustrations, engraved on Wood by Lossing & Barritt, chiefly from Original Sketches by the Author. Complete in One Volume, 1084 pages, large 8vo. Price, in Cloth, $7 00; Sheep, $8 50; Half Calf or Half Morocco extra, $10 00.

Harper's Popular Cyclopædia of United States History.
From the Aboriginal Period to 1876. Containing Brief Sketches of Important Events and Conspicuous Actors. By BENSON J. LOSSING, LL.D. Illustrated by Two Steel-Plate Portraits and over 1000 Engravings. 2 vols., Royal 8vo, Cloth, $10 00; Sheep, $12 00; Half Morocco, $15 00 per Set. (*Sold by Subscription only.*)

The Story of the United States Navy, for Boys.
By BENSON J. LOSSING, LL.D. Illustrated. 12mo, Half Leather, $1 75.

Ernest Ingersoll's Works.
Country Cousins.
Short Studies in the Natural History of the United States. By ERNEST INGERSOLL. Illustrated. pp. 252. 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $2 50.

The Ice Queen.
Ill'd. pp. 256. 16mo, Ornamental Cloth, $1 00. (In "Harper's Young People Series.")

Knocking Round the Rockies.
Knocking Round the Rockies. Illustrated. pp. viii., 220. 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $2 00.

Friends Worth Knowing.
Friends Worth Knowing. Illustrated. pp. 258. Square 16mo, Ornamental Cloth, $1 00.

Stormonth's English Dictionary.
A Dictionary of the English Language, Pronouncing, Etymological, and Explanatory: embracing Scientific and other Terms, Numerous Familiar Terms, and a Copious Selection of Old English Words. By the Rev. JAMES STORMONTH. The Pronunciation Carefully Revised by the Rev. P. H. PHELP, M.A. pp. xiv., 1234. Imperial 8vo, Cloth, $6 00; Half Roan, $7 00; Full Sheep, $7 50.

Schliemann's Troja.

Troja. Results of the Latest Researches and Discoveries on the Site of Homer's Troy, and in the Heroic Tumuli and other Sites, made in the Year 1882, and a Narrative of a Journey in the Troad in 1881. By Dr. Henry Schliemann, Author of "Ilios," &c. Preface by Professor A. H. Sayce. With 150 Woodcuts and 4 Maps and Plans. pp. xl., 434. 8vo, Cloth, $7 50; Half Morocco, $10 00.

Schliemann's Ilios.

Ilios, the City and Country of the Trojans. The Results of Researches and Discoveries on the Site of Troy and throughout the Troad in the years 1871-'72-'73-'78-'79; including an Autobiography of the Author. By Dr. Henry Schliemann, F.S.A., F.R.I. British Architects; Author of "Troy and Its Remains," "Mycenæ," &c. With a Preface, Appendices, and Notes by Professors Rudolf Virchow, Max Müller, A. H. Sayce, and others. With Maps, Plans, and about 1800 Illustrations. pp. xvi., 800. Imperial 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $12 00; Half Morocco, $15 00

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

By Paul Barron Watson. pp. x., 338. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

A History of Wood-Engraving.

By George E. Woodberry. With numerous Illustrations. pp. 222. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $3 50.

History of Ancient Art.

By Dr. Franz von Reber, Director of the Bavarian Royal and State Galleries of Paintings, Professor in the University and Polytechnic of Munich. Revised by the Author. Translated and Augmented by Joseph Thacher Clarke. With 310 Illustrations and a Glossary of Technical Terms. pp. xx., 482. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

Chas. Carleton Coffin's Historical Reading for the Young.

In Four Volumes. Profusely Illustrated. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $3 00 per Volume:

THE STORY OF LIBERTY.—OLD TIMES IN THE COLONIES.—THE BOYS OF '76.—BUILDING THE NATION.

The Works of Oliver Goldsmith.

Edited by Peter Cunningham, F.S.A. From New Electrotype Plates. 4 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $8 00; Half Calf, $17 00.

The Ball of the Vegetables.

The Ball of the Vegetables, and other Stories in Prose and Verse. By Margaret Eytinge. Illustrated. pp. 246. 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $2 00.

Travels in South Kensington,

With Notes on Decorative Art and Architecture in England. By Moncure D. Conway. With many Illustrations. pp. 234. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $2 50.

Gibbon's Roman Empire.

History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon. With Notes by Dean Milman, M. Guizot, and Dr. William Smith. From New Electrotype Plates. 6 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $12 00; Sheep, $15 00; Half Calf, $25 50 per Set. (*Sold only in Sets.*)

Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast.

By Samuel Adams Drake. With numerous Illustrations. pp. 460. Square 8vo, Cloth, $3 50; Half Calf, $5 75.

Pottery and Porcelain of all Times and Nations.

With Tables of Factory and Artists' Marks, for the Use of Collectors. By William C. Prime, LL.D. pp. 532. 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Tops and Uncut Edges, $7 00; Half Calf, $9 25. (*In a Box.*)

The Waverley Novels. 2000 Illustrations.

Thistle Edition: 48 vols., bound in Green Cloth, $1 00 per vol.; in Half Morocco, Gilt Tops, $1 50 per vol.—Holyrood Edition 48 vols., bound in Brown Cloth, 75 cents per vol., in Half Morocco, Gilt Tops, $1 50 per vol.—Popular Edition: 24 vols. (two vols. in one), bound in Green Cloth, $1 25 per vol.; in Half Moroco, $2 25 per vol.

Macaulay's History of England.

History of England from the Accession of James II. By Lord Macaulay. From New Electrotype Plates. 5 vols., 8vo, Cloth, with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $10 00; Sheep, $12 50; Half Calf, $21 25 per Set. (*Sold only in Sets.*)

Macaulay's Miscellaneous Works.

The Miscellaneous Works of Lord Macaulay. From New Electrotype Plates. 5 vols., 8vo, Cloth, with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $10 00; Sheep, $12 50; Half Calf, $21 25 per Set. (*Sold only in Sets.*)

The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.

By His Nephew, George Otto Trevelyan, M.P. With Portrait on Steel. Complete in 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $5 00; Sheep, $6 00; Half Calf, $9 50 per Set.

What Mr. Darwin Saw

In his Voyage Round the World in the Ship "Beagle." Adapted for Youthful Readers. Maps and Illustrations. pp. 228. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $3 00.

Art Education Applied to Industry.

By Colonel George Ward Nichols. Illustrated. pp. 212. 8vo, Cloth, Illuminated and Gilt, $4 00; Half Calf, $6 25.

Art Decoration Applied to Furniture.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Illustrated. pp. 238. 8vo, Cloth, Illuminated and Gilt, $4 00; Half Calf, $6 25.

Contemporary Art in Europe.

By S. G. W. Benjamin. Copiously Illustrated. pp. 166. 8vo, Cloth, Illuminated and Gilt, $3 50; Half Calf, $5 75.

Art in America.

A Critical and Historical Sketch. By S. G. W. Benjamin. Profusely Illustrated. pp. 214. 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $4 00; Half Calf, $6 25.

Hildreth's History of the United States.

The History of the United States. *First Series.*—From the First Settlement of the Country to the Adoption of the Federal Constitution. *Second Series.*—From the Adoption of the Federal Constitution to the End of the Sixteenth Congress. By Richard Hildreth. 6 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $12 00; Sheep, $15 00; Half Calf, $25 50 per Set. (*Sold only in Sets.*)

Dialect Tales.

By Sherwood Bonner. Illustrated. pp. 188. 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $1 75.

The Ceramic Art.

A Compendium of the History and Manufacture of Pottery and Porcelain. By Jennie J. Young. With 464 Illustrations. pp. 500. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $5 00

Hume's History of England.

History of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Abdication of James II., 1688. By David Hume. From New Electrotype Plates. 6 vols., 8vo, Cloth, with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $12 00; Sheep, $15 00; Half Calf, $25 50 per Set. (*Sold only in Sets.*)

Cesnola's Cyprus.

Cyprus: its Ancient Cities, Tombs, and Temples. A Narrative of Researches and Excavations during Ten Years' Residence in that Island. By General Louis Palma di Cesnola. With Portrait, Maps, and 400 Illustrations. pp. xx., 456. 8vo, Cloth Extra, Gilt Tops and Uncut Edges, $7 50; Half Calf, $10 00.

Life of James Buchanan,

Fifteenth President of the United States. By George Ticknor Curtis. With Two Steel-plate Portraits. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Tops and Uncut Edges, $6 00 per Set.

Memoirs of General Dix.

Memoirs of John Adams Dix. Compiled by his Son, Morgan Dix. With Five Steel-plate Portraits. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Tops and Uncut Edges, $5 00 per Set.

The Early History of Charles James Fox.

By George Otto Trevelyan. pp. viii., 470. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $2 50; Half Calf, $4 75.

Old Mexico and Her Lost Provinces.

A Journey in Mexico, Southern California, and Arizona, by Way of Cuba. By William Henry Bishop, Author of "Detmold," "The House of a Merchant Prince," &c. With numerous Illustrations, chiefly from Sketches by the Author. pp. xii., 510. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

Tennyson's Songs, with Music.

Songs from the Published Writings of Alfred Tennyson. Music by various Composers. Edited by W. G. Cusins. With Portrait and Original Illustrations by Winslow Homer, C. S. Reinhart, A. Fredericks, and Jessie Curtis. Royal 4to, Illuminated Cloth, Gilt Edges, $5 00.

Harper's Young People Series:

Illustrated. Square 16mo, Ornamental Cloth, $1 00 per volume.

TOBY TYLER; OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS. By James Otis. MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER. Sequel to "Toby Tyler." By James Otis. TIM AND TIP. By James Otis. RAISING THE "PEARL." By James Otis. LEFT BEHIND; OR, TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY. By James Otis.—THE MORAL PIRATES. By W. L. Alden. THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST." By W. L. Alden. THE CRUISE OF THE CANOE CLUB. By W. L. Alden. THE ADVENTURES OF JIMMY BROWN. Edited by W. L. Alden.—MILDRED'S BARGAIN, AND OTHER STORIES. By Lucy C. Lillie. NAN. By Lucy C. Lillie. THE STORY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. By Lucy C. Lillie. (*Nearly Ready.*)—THE FOUR MACNICOLS. By William Black.—WHO WAS PAUL GRAYSON? By John Habberton.—THE TALKING LEAVES. An Indian Story. By W. O. Stoddard.—THE ICE QUEEN. By Ernest Ingersoll.—PRINCE LAZYBONES, AND OTHER STORIES. By Mrs. W. J. Hays.—THE LOST CITY; OR, THE BOY EXPLORERS IN CENTRAL ASIA. By David Ker.—CHAPTERS ON PLANT LIFE. By Mrs. S. B. Herrick.—STRANGE STORIES FROM HISTORY, FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By George Cary Eggleston.—WAKULLA: A Story of Adventure in Florida. By C. K. Munroe. (*Just Ready.*)

The Life and Habits of Wild Animals.

Illustrated from Designs by Joseph Wolf. Engraved by J. W. and Edward Whymper. With Descriptive Letter-press by Daniel Giraud Eliot, F.L.S., F.Z.S. pp. 122. 4to, Ornamental Cloth, Gilt Edges, $5 00.

Caricature and other Comic Art,

In All Times and Many Lands. By James Parton. With 203 Illustrations. pp. 340. 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Tops and Uncut Edges, $5 00; Half Calf, $7 25.

Harper's Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry.

Edited by Epes Sargent. Large 8vo, nearly one thousand pages, Illuminated Cloth, with Colored Edges, $4 50; Half Leather, $5 00.

Motley's Historical Works.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS; from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve-Years' Truce. With a Full View of the English-Dutch Struggle against Spain, and of the Origin and Destruction of the Spanish Armada. By John Lothrop Motley, LL.D., D.C.L. With Portraits. 4 vols., 8vo, Cloth, with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $8 00; Sheep, $10 00; Half Calf, $17 00 per Set. (*Sold only in Sets.*)

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. A History. By John Lothrop Motley, LL.D., D.C.L. With a Portrait of William of Orange. 3 vols., 8vo, Cloth, with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $6 00; Sheep, $7 50; Half Calf, $12 75 per Set. (*Sold only in Sets.*)

LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN OF BARNEVELD, ADVOCATE OF HOLLAND. With a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the "Thirty Years' War." By John Lothrop Motley, LL.D., D.C.L. Illustrated. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $4 00; Sheep, $5 00; Half Calf, $8 50 per Set. (*Sold only in Sets.*)

The Poets of the Nineteenth Century.

Selected and Edited by the Rev. Robert Aris Willmott. With English and American Additions by Evert A. Duyckinck. 141 Illustrations. pp. xvi., 674. Elegant Small 4to, Cloth, Gilt Edges, $5 00; Half Calf, $5 50; Full Morocco, Gilt Edges, $9 00. (*In a Box.*)

The Poets and Poetry of Scotland.

From the Earliest to the Present Time. Comprising Characteristic Selections from the Works of the more Noteworthy Scottish Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices. By James Grant Wilson. With Portraits on Steel. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $10 00; Cloth, Gilt Edges, $11 00; Half Calf, $14 50; Full Morocco, $18 00 per Set.

John Richard Green's Works:

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. (1878–1880), pp. xxxvi., 2048. With Colored Maps. 4 vols., Crown 8vo, Cloth, $10 00; Sheep, $12 00; Half Calf, $19 00 per Set. (*Vols. sold separately.*)

THE MAKING OF ENGLAND. (1882), pp. xxiv., 434. With Maps. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50; Sheep, $3 00; Half Calf, $4 75; 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

THE CONQUEST OF ENGLAND. (1884), pp. xxx., 608. With Portrait and Colored Maps. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50; Sheep, $3 00; Half Calf, $4 75.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. (1875), pp. 824. With Colored Maps and Tables. 8vo, Cloth, $1 20.

READINGS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY. Selected and Edited by John Richard Green, M.A., LL.D. (1879), pp. x., 140. Three Parts in One Volume. Part I. From Hengest to Cressy.—Part II. From Cressy to Cromwell.—Part III. From Cromwell to Balaclava. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

STRAY STUDIES FROM ENGLAND AND ITALY. (1876), pp. 362. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 75.

The Book of Gold, and other Poems.

By J. T. Trowbridge. Illustrated. pp. 82. 8vo, Ornamental Cover, Gilt Edges, $2 50. (*In a Box.*)

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

☞ *The above works are for sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent, carriage paid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of price, by the publishers.*